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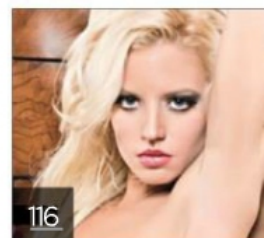
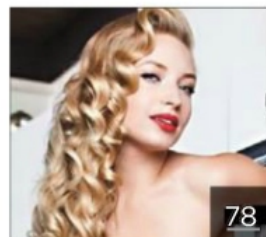
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felt him at the back of my throat. I held him in place for several seconds before sliding back up till just the head was in my mouth. I repeated this maneuver twice more before he rolled me under him and slammed his cock into my pussy.

Mike proved what great shape he was in by fucking me endlessly with deep, hard strokes. My husband is good, but sometimes a little too quick for me. Mike repositioned me several times, fucking me relentlessly and thoroughly until I came, screaming at the top of my lungs. I'd never fucked outside with my husband, and the fact that I was doing it with this firefighter I'd just met made the whole experience even more exciting and totally primal.

I didn't bother putting my panties back on for the ride to Mike's motel room. My husband and I had stayed at that motel once, back when I was trying to spice things up between us, so Mike let me drive. We shared a kiss and, naturally, my hand dropped to his lap. One quick feel in the dark told me he was hard again. I unzipped his pants and pulled out that thick hose of his. He unbuttoned my dress from the top, pulled it down to my waist, and unhooked my bra. His fingers found their way into my cunt and his thumb teased my clit. I gunned the engine and headed toward the motel as we felt each other up.

I didn't think that coming while driving would be an acceptable excuse if Mike's car got stopped in the process, but that didn't stop us from giving each other handjobs. With one hand on the wheel, I jacked him off as he finger-fucked me and sucked my tit. Fortunately, the motel wasn't that far, and as soon as I stopped the car, I had his cock in my mouth—just in time to swallow his come as I creamed his fingers and the seat of his car.

I spent the next few hours with him in his room, burning up the sheets until I went home. My husband thought I had a late dinner meeting, and barely acknowledged me when I crawled into bed next to him.

Mike and I made the most of his time in town. Right now, we don't have any set plans to hook up again, but we still stay in touch. You never know. —
J.T., California

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We met in a chat room exactly one month ago, and after a week of exchanging emails, Mike gave me the number to his cellphone and asked me to call or text him if I wanted to meet up. I was a little hesitant at first, since we were both married and I'd never cheated on my husband before, but I couldn't help myself. Mike had sent me a picture of himself in his firefighter uniform, and he was definitely calendar worthy—in phenomenal shape from running and hitting the gym. I took the leap and called him.

It didn't take long for our initial conversation to morph into blatant flirting. Mike's voice was deep and sexy, and when we started talking about our respective spouses and their lack of adventure when it comes to sex, we found that we had even more things in common. When Mike mentioned that he had a convention coming up near my town, we arranged to meet for dinner at an out-of-the-way restaurant.

As soon as I saw Mike, I knew I was going to screw him. He looked even more fuckable in person. He greeted me with a warm hug, a deep kiss, and a long-stemmed rose. Knowing what

I was going to do had me so edgy that I barely touched my food. I knew I'd never win any medals for my behavior, but the sexual energy between us was a thrill ride I wasn't about to pass up.

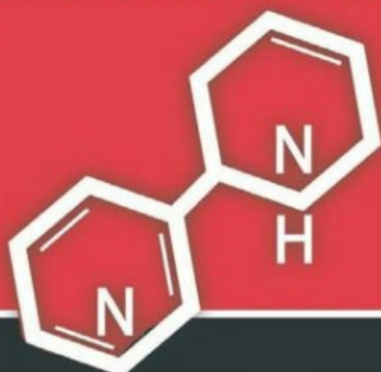
After dinner, Mike wanted to take me back to his motel, but I convinced him to drive to a nearby park. Mike had a blanket in the backseat and we spread it out under the trees. We pulled off each other's clothes till we were skin to skin. Hands accustomed to hard work pinched and rolled my nipples, while lips that tasted like whiskey covered mine in a heated kiss. His tongue swept into my mouth as his rigid cock pressed against my belly. He let me push him back and I went down on him. I stroked his shaft, tracing circles over the tip with my tongue, lapping up the pre-come. When I finally took his entire length into my mouth, I didn't stop until I

I'd never fucked outside with my husband. Doing it with this firefighter made the experience exciting and totally primal.

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■ GOING DOWN(HILL)

Last winter, my girlfriend Tricia and I went on a ski trip. We're really not that into skiing, but we like the party atmosphere and sometimes we hook up with a few of the instructors.

We signed up for a beginner's class, and we were the only students. While we were deciding whether or not to bail, the instructor walked up, making our decision much easier. His name was Edward, and he was gorgeous.

Edward flirted with us throughout the lesson, and by the time our two hours were up, we'd learned how to fall, swerve, and stop, and had been invited to a party that night.

Later, while Tricia and I were getting dressed for the party, we debated about which one of us Edward had been flirting with more. We finally decided that we could easily share. We'd done it before, and everyone always ended up satisfied.

When we got to the lodge, it was pretty crowded, but the minute Edward saw us, he came right over. He took us to one of those large cushioned couches, and for the next few

hours, the three of us flirted and drank and flirted some more, until things started to die down.

Not wanting our little party to end, we invited Edward back to our room. We told him we were sharing a large bed, and that he was welcome to join us. His eyes lit up instantly, and he led us back to our cabin, holding Tricia's hand while his other arm was wrapped around my waist.

Back in our bedroom, Edward seemed unsure of what to do with two women at once, so Tricia and I helped him out, slowly removing each other's outer layers, kissing and fondling each other as we went. We were down to our underwear when we realized Edward still hadn't joined in, so we worked together to get him undressed. With each piece of clothing that was removed, we took turns

We fucked him like that until he was on the verge of coming—which wasn't long—then quickly switched places.

kissing him, and when he was in only his boxer briefs, we really started to tease him. We kissed, licked, and sucked different parts of his body, Tricia starting at his feet and me at his neck. While she focused on his toes and thighs, I nibbled on his nipples and gave his belly button special attention. When we met in the middle, though, the real fun began.

We pulled down his underwear and fondled his dick, his balls, and his ass. We circled his body, each of us getting a chance to kiss and lick his deliciously tanned skin. When we'd done a full circuit, Tricia leaned in and took his semi-hard cock into her mouth, immediately deep-throating him. I crawled around behind him and slid between his legs to suck his balls. Soon we had Edward moaning loudly and begging for more. We didn't want him to come before we had a chance to fuck him, though, so we pulled away. We moved to the bed and fooled around with each other, pulling off our bras and panties and caressing every inch of each other's bare skin. Our little show turned Edward on even more, and he started to stroke his dick while he watched.

"Bad boy," I chided him. "Only we can touch that, so get over here."

He rushed to join us, and I pushed him onto his back and mounted him, sliding that beautiful cock deep into my pussy. I humped him slowly, teasing him with my cunt, and he was soon thrusting his hips up to meet mine. Meanwhile, Tricia straddled his head and tantalizingly lowered her pussy to his mouth. She was wet from fooling around with me, and when she lifted her hips after a few moments, taunting him, I could see that his face was slick with her juice.

We fucked him like that until he was on the verge of coming—which wasn't long—then quickly switched places. It took only a few more minutes before we were all coming, Edward shooting deep inside Tricia, whose cream soaked his dick, and me filling Edward's waiting mouth. Then it was time to start all over again.

As I'm sure you can guess, we didn't do much skiing on our trip—though we did take lessons every day for the rest of our stay. We may not have boosted the small ski town's economy all that much by going out to party, but we sure did boost the morale of our favorite ski instructor!—*L.T., Connecticut*

More letters on page 124





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SPRING BREAKIN' THE LAW

Harmony Korine's preposterous new flick features Selena Gomez and Vanessa Hudgens as bikini-clad armed robbers, and James Franco as a wannabe thug, complete with cornrows, oversize shades, and a grill.



A young Jackie Robinson is the central figure, wearing a blue Dodgers cap and a grey home jersey with blue piping and the word "Dodgers" in blue script. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background shows a blurred baseball stadium with spectators.

Barrier Breakers

L.A. Confidential screenwriter Brian Helgeland retells the epochal story of Jackie Robinson and Branch Rickey in 42.



42 Chadwick Boseman, Harrison Ford

A new biopic about American icon Jackie Robinson starts off with two strikes against it—one of which is the fact that a pretty decent movie on the subject, 1950's *The Jackie Robinson Story*, already exists, starring Robinson himself. You have to admire the chutzpah of a group of Hollywood types who think they can improve on that, specifically writer-director Brian Helgeland, whose screenplay hopefully captures the complex racial tension and glamour that was evident in his work on *L.A. Confidential*. In wearing Robinson's Brooklyn Dodger blue, Boseman is stepping up from his smallish TV roles, while Ford (under a pound of prosthetic makeup) nakedly seeks awards attention as forward-thinking MLB exec Branch Rickey. Jay-Z's slamming "Brooklyn Go Hard" pounds through the trailer we've been seeing, and it fits: The tale is an evergreen one, and if hip-hop music is what it takes to sell young people on a period piece about courage, dignity, and merit, then fire it up.



Trance James McAvoy, Rosario Dawson, Vincent Cassel

He may be better known for *Slumdog Millionaire*, but to us, Danny Boyle will always be the guy who did *Train-spotting* and *Shallow Grave*. (Yes, the nineties were pretty awesome, thank you.) Happily, he returns to his crime-comedy roots in this stylish thriller. Our hero (McAvoy), a clever art auctioneer, has made off with a priceless painting, but damn if he can remember where he put it, thanks to a violent bang on the head. Enter hypnotherapist Dawson—and we doubt there was ever a lovelier hypnotherapist. From what we hear, her treatment techniques are sexual; more than a couch is involved.

THE MOST
TERRIFYING
FILM YOU
WILL EVER
EXPERIENCE.

Evil Dead Jane Levy, Shiloh Fernandez, Jessica Lucas

The 1981 horror cult classic looms large, not only as an inspired piece of low-budget ingenuity, but also as the launching pad of future franchise-maker Sam Raimi. Here comes the inevitable remake, following the recent success of the snarkier *The Cabin in the Woods*. Still, we like its chances: The script has a polish from Oscar-winner Diablo Cody, and the original team is deeply invested in its creative success as hands-on producers. Meanwhile, the violence is said to be off the charts—not for nothing was the movie invited to premiere at Austin's gore-happy South by Southwest film festival.

REVIEWS



Spring Breakers James Franco, Selena Gomez, Ashley Benson

Sometimes it takes an art-house terrorist—in this case, the fearless Harmony Korine (*Gummo*)—to bring out the full potential of a piece of mainstream trash. A dream movie for anyone who revels in skanky ridiculousness, this deeply irresponsible Florida fantasia sends four bikini-clad coeds (including Goody Two-shoes Gomez) on a criminal rampage. You can't quite believe what you're watching as the girls don pink ski masks, cock semiautomatic weapons, and knock over a diner. Later they get naked and binge on drugs—and that's all before we meet Franco's wanksta pimp, who has plans for the girls. Franco's turn is a bravura performance of deep-dish crazy, complete with cornrows and gold-grilled teeth (think Three Loco rapper Riff Raff). A film this insane must be a private joke; do yourself a favor and get in on it.



To the Wonder Ben Affleck, Javier Bardem, Rachel McAdams, Olga Kurylenko

After sitting out most of the eighties and nineties, perfectionist director Terrence Malick now seems capable of turning out a new movie every two weeks—we love his change of pace. If his latest isn't quite as exquisite as 2011's *The Tree of Life*, it's still a landmark moment in his career for being his first contemporaneous drama, about a doomed Oklahoma marriage and a rekindled hometown romance. As always for Malick, the dialogue is kept to a minimum, but there's a real ache to the emotional fallout, muted though it is. Love stories rarely come this visually poetic. Affleck, who is clearly getting better with age, is surprisingly good here, but we couldn't help but be more attuned to former Bond girl Kurylenko: a twirling, hypnotic sex bomb. **C+**



Heroes and Villains

We love the occasional plot twist or surprise ending, but nothing beats an old-fashioned battle between good and evil. And while these heroes are fucking amazing (the real-life Seal Team Six), the villains are truly horrible (a deformed child-killer).



Zero Dark Thirty

Everyone in the whole wide world knows how this movie—which dramatizes the ten-year mission to bring down Osama bin Laden—ends, but that won't stop you from clutching your armrest through the whole thing. The historical drama was nominated for five Oscars, including a well-deserved nod to

Jessica Chastain for her portrayal of a CIA officer whose life and career are riding on the success of the mission. At press time, the extras were still hush-hush (how fitting!), but expect lots of background info on the real-life takedown.



Life of Pi

After his family's boat is shipwrecked en route to Canada, a zookeeper's son is stranded on a life raft with a Bengal tiger. They form an unlikely friendship (or at least the tiger stops trying to eat the boy) as they fight for survival. Okay, it's a bizarre premise, but director Ang Lee does high-concept fare like no one else. Pretty much every reviewer in existence called this a "visual feast," so expect the 3-D version to be nothing short of incredible.



Bachelorette

This flick is like *Bridesmaids* on coke. No, really—the trio of 'maids spends a good portion of the movie snorting lines to fuel their bitchy antics. Rebel Wilson stars as the "fat friend" who's walking down the aisle first, much to the chagrin of her perfectionist bridesmaid Regan (Kirsten Dunst). High jinks ensue—namely sex, drugs, and a nosebleed on the bridal gown. It's not exactly heartwarming fare or comedic genius, but it's still fun to see girls behaving so badly.



Wreck-It Ralph Ultimate Collector's Edition

Yes, it's Walt Disney animation, but don't write this off as mere kids' stuff—this is pure gamer nostalgia with loads of winks and nods to its adult viewers. There's a standard Blu-ray edition, but our vote goes to the eye-popping 3-D version, which allows viewers to get fully immersed in the "worlds" created for the film. Gaming geeks will love the Easter-egg extras, like a series of segments that points out all the hidden Disney and videogame references.



A Nightmare on Elm Street Collection

This movie made us terrified to close our eyes because—*holy shit!*—we're not even safe in our dreams. The razor-gloved, grossly disfigured Freddy Krueger became an instant horror icon, and this collection brings him into high-definition. You get all seven installments, from Wes Craven's groundbreaking original to the campy follow-ups to the vindicating final installment, *Wes Craven's New Nightmare*. There's also loads of featurettes and interviews, trivia, two episodes of the TV series, and even some info on sleep psychology. Sweet dreams.



Terminator Anthology

You'd have to be totally new to Blu-ray to not already own at least 72, but here's yet another collection. If you've ever longed to have every bit of footage available, this is your chance. The exhaustive anthology includes all the bonus features from just about every previous DVD release—including a retrospective, storyboards, trivia games, a director's cut of *Terminator Salvation*, and "terminated" scenes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ZERO DARK THIRTY) JONATHAN OLLEY/COLUMBIA PICTURES, (LIFE OF PI) RHYTHM & HUES/20TH CENTURY FOX, (WRECK-IT RALPH) WALT DISNEY PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION, (A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET) WARNER BROS./EVERETT COLLECTION, (TERMINATOR) RICHARD FOREMAN JR./WARNER BROS./EVERETT COLLECTION



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The Walking Dead: Survival Instinct

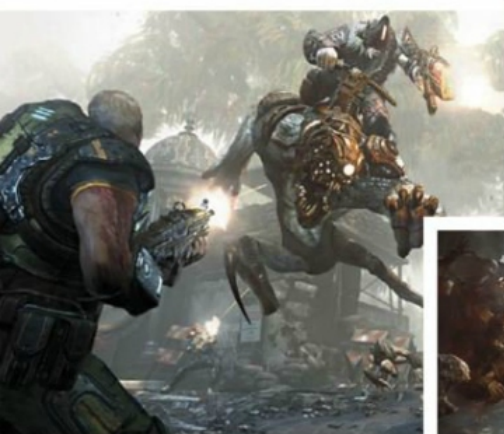


ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii U, PC)

Between the series-redeeming third season of AMC's *The Walking Dead* and Telltale Games' acclaimed adventure game based on the comic-book source material, life has been good for fans of the ambulatory deceased. Now Activision is unleashing a more conventional videogame adaptation of *The Walking Dead* franchise, a first-person adventure beginning at the outbreak of the undead apocalypse. With series hero Rick Grimes still in a coma, *Survival Instinct* stars secondary rednecks Daryl Dixon and his bigoted big brother Merle. Both good ol' boys must trek from the walker-infested sticks to the supposed safety of Atlanta, scrounging up weapons and courting allies along the way.

Despite its first-person perspective and publisher pedigree, *Survival Instinct* is not a zombified *Call of Duty*. The goal here is to survive rather than to exterminate every walker in sight. Players must ration food, medical supplies, and ammunition as they sneak past the undead hordes, which are attracted by sounds and smells, just like on the TV show. Create diversions by tossing bottles, for instance, then skulk behind distracted walkers for a stealthy stab to their gray matter.

Just like in Telltale Games' excellent episodic adventure (which, by the way, is definitely worth downloading), players will encounter a variety of survivors during their journey, and the course of the game changes depending on how you treat them. Choose to team up and you'll stretch your already meager resources more thinly. Cut potential partners loose and you risk running afoul of them later. Consider your options carefully: Just like on the TV show, the living can be more dangerous than the dead.



GEARS OF WAR: JUDGMENT MICROSOFT (XBOX 360)

Just when you thought your days of dismembering subterranean scum with a chain-saw bayonet were over, developer Epic Games has partnered with a new studio for a fourth installment in the *Gears of War* "trilogy." This prequel cuts to the chase of the series' most crowd-pleasing feature: its visceral third-person combat. Yes, *Judgment* still offers a story-based campaign, which you can experience with up to three teammates in a novel flashback style that changes with multiple play-throughs. But the battles themselves are faster-paced and feature an unpredictable spawn system for enemies, meaning missions never feel canned when you replay the "declassified" extended versions. Multiplayer, meanwhile, has been ramped up with new modes, weapons, and a pace that's fine-tuned for the cybersports crowd.



SOUTH PARK: THE STICK OF TRUTH THQ (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

South Park creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone had two objectives for the new game based on their long-running show: for players to feel like they're starring in a really good episode, and for the graphics to match the "crappy" animation of the cartoon. Here, they've delivered on both, in ways you wouldn't expect. Instead of a formulaic first-person adventure, this is a roleplaying epic complete with silly relics and strategic battles. You play the new kid in town who arrives to find all of *South Park* caught up in a live-action roleplaying game. Join the show's main characters—Stan, Kyle, Kenny, and "Grand Wizard" Cartman—on ye olde quest to become "cool" and recover the titular stick. *Skyrim* this ain't, but then *Skyrim* doesn't let you summon Mr. Hankey's turd tsunami to topple underpants gnomes and dirty hippies.




SIMCITY ELECTRONIC ARTS (PC, MAC)

Laying cul-de-sacs, zoning for strip malls, building landfills and sewage-treatment plants—playing *SimCity* sounds about as fun as sitting through a city council meeting. But learning to master municipal planning in this metropolis-building simulator—the latest update in a beloved series—is surprisingly addictive. The simple interface makes it easy to manage resources, keep tabs on taxes, and compete or cooperate with other players in a world of neighboring cities. The real fun, however, comes from sinister experimentation. Sure, you can re-create your hometown, but wouldn't it be more fun to fill it with smog-belching factories, seedy casinos, and lawless neighborhoods, then watch the chaos unfold when an asteroid strikes City Hall?



MLB 2K13 2K SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3)

The only officially licensed MLB game available for both major consoles returns in what might be its ninth inning (publisher 2K Sports is unlikely to pursue the MLB license next year). The baseball season is deeply integrated into this installment, which lets you play through the entire 2013 schedule one day at a time, while updating the game data with real-world results, roster changes, and player stats. Pitching and batting are once again mapped to the joystick, allowing for fine-tuned control once you get the hang of it. Players will want to practice for more than just bragging rights. For the fourth year in a row, 2K Sports is holding a Perfect Game Challenge, offering a million bucks to the player who throws nine flawless innings. 



Object in Motion

Rather than rest on the laurels of his critically acclaimed last album, Michael Benjamin Lerner, aka Telekinesis, pushes his sound forward on *Dormarion*.

By John Bolster



Telekinesis
Dormarion
Merge Records
★★★ 1/2



On 2011's *12 Desperate Straight Lines*, Telekinesis reclaimed the power of the tightly crafted pop song by delivering a dozen of them, infused with as much wistful melody as guitar crunch, in 32 minutes. For the follow-up, Michael Benjamin Lerner, the 26-year-old Seattleite behind Telekinesis, has partnered with Spoon's Jim Eno, and set about broadening his palette a bit. "Ghosts and Creatures" rides synthesizer wash, two-note piano bounce, and a typically infectious Lerner melody to an entirely new place for Telekinesis. "Island #4"—a slow burner that descends into a scraping synth breakdown before delivering a big, openhearted refrain—and "Symphony," a yearning, all-acoustic number, also chart new terrain. There's even a track, "Ever True," that nods to Kraftwerk and Gary Numan. But for every departure there's a return (or two) to Lerner's power-pop base: "Laissez-Faire," "Dark to Light," and "Little Hill" all overflow with hooks and riffs, and "Empathetic People" is a pounding, ax-driven gem. Lerner is (appealingly) expanding his sound, not abandoning it.



Cloud Cult
Love Earthology
★★★

Given their background, you half expect to smell patchouli coming off a Cloud Cult CD. The eight-piece collective creates "C'mon, guys!" orchestral pop songs about the universe and our place in it, records them in a geothermal-powered studio on an organic farm in Minnesota, and releases them in eco-friendly packaging on their own label, which they've named Earthology. They should be insufferable. But thanks to the sheer musicality of their records—which blend rock guitar and percussion, twinkling piano, horns, and graceful strings—they're far from it. *Love*, their ninth release, is complex yet light on its feet ("Love & the First Law of Thermodynamics"), preachy but not empty-headed ("Good Friend"), and features tunes that, for all their fecundity, can also use restraint to powerful effect ("All the Things We Couldn't See"). You'll happily overlook the irony deficiency.



Water Liars
Wyoming
Big Legal Mess/Fat Possum
★★★ 1/2

Like blackened catfish, the North Mississippi duo Water Liars came about as the result of a happy accident. An impromptu session between singer-guitarist Justin Kinkel-Schuster (on a break from his band, Theodore) and drummer-vocalist Andrew Bryant clicked unexpectedly, yielding ten casually effective tracks of back-porch country rock. Dubbed *Phantom Limb*, that 2012 debut got enough attention to make Water Liars a full-time gig. Follow-up *Wyoming* opens with a fuzzed-out rocker, "Sucker," that tees up the excellent "Fake Heat," in which the singer is distracted during sex, "waiting for the bite upon my backside" from a dog who doesn't like the dubious coupling. Details like that enrich these spare and simple tunes, and moments of raw beauty are not scarce, from the country folk of "Linens" to the high-lonesome ache of the title track.



Josh Rouse
The Happiness Waltz
Secretly Canadian
★★ 1/2

In Josh Rouse's world, you can sleep in late and live "pretty in the city," "socialize, philosophize... and when friends call, it's always nice to go out." Sure it is. Sentiments in this vein are put across on top of expertly played, equally sunny Laurel Canyon-style pop in this, Rouse's tenth full-length. Depending on your mood, it will either put you to sleep or provide a perfect backdrop for a lazy Sunday. But Rouse has polished soft rock down pat. Easy, breezy tracks like "It's Good to Have You" and "Simple Pleasure" evoke America and Bread, while "Start a Family" echoes Paul Simon. The overall tone, as the jazzy title track suggests, is sunny, with no chance of showers.

PERFORMING AS...

Individual musicians with band names.



Band, years active, genre: **The Mountain Goats**, 1991—, folk rock

Man behind the curtain:

John Darnielle

Should we pay attention?

If you like raw, affecting folk songs with standout lyrics, yes.

Notable collaborators:

Multitalented drummer Jon Wurster is a semi-regular member of the Mountain Goats. He also plays with Superchunk and a bunch of other high-profile acts, and is one half of the radio-comedy act Scharpling and Wurster, with Tom Scharpling.



Band, years active, genre: **Iron and Wine**, 2002—, folk singer-songwriter

Man behind the curtain:

Sam Beam

Should we pay attention?

Sure. Beam has steadily expanded his sound since his solid but same-y 2002 debut, *The Creek Drank the Cradle*. To that album's stripped-down sound consisting of acoustic guitar, banjo, and slide, he's added brass, electric guitar, and piano, as well as more pop-oriented touches like funky percussion.

Notable collaborators:

Tex-Mex legends Calexico helped Beam make the 2005 Iron and Wine EP *In the Reins*. Also: his wife, Kim, with whom he collaborated on five daughters.



Band, years active, genre: **Gotye**, 2001—, alt pop

Man behind the curtain:

Wouter De Backer

Should we pay attention?

Given the ubiquity of his biggest hit, "Somebody That I Used to Know," we may have no choice. But "Somebodies," the YouTube remix of the song that he put together, is actually worth a look.

Notable collaborators: He bridges the Aussie-Kiwi divide by sharing vocals with New Zealand singer Kimbra in his most famous song.



Band, years active, genre: **Nine Inch Nails**, 1988—, industrial rock, alt-metal

Man behind the curtain:

Trent Reznor

Should we pay attention?

Roughly 20 million in sales suggests that we already have been. Reznor's uncompromising career path and the trickle-down influence of albums such as *The Fragile* have ensured that he'll be in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame someday. He's also reportedly working on a new NIN album.

Notable collaborators:

Atticus Rose, with whom he won the 2010 Best Original Score Oscar for *The Social Network*. Also: unreleased projects with Rage Against the Machine's Zack de la Rocha, Tool's Maynard James Keenan, and an upcoming song with Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme.



Band, years active, genre: **St. Vincent**, 2003—, indie pop

Woman behind the curtain:

Annie Clark

Should we pay attention?

The former Polyphonic Spree and Sufjan Stevens guitarist struck out on her own in 2006 under the curious saintly moniker, and after three quality albums of guitar-laced art pop, we'd say the answer is yes.

Notable collaborators:

Former Talking Heads frontman David Byrne, with whom she made the well-received *Love This Giant* in 2012.



APRIL FOOLS

You'd be surprised how many pop songs are about fools. We sorted a bunch of the best ones into categories.

Regretful

"Get Yourself Another Fool,"

Sam Cooke, 1963

"Ship of Fools," Fucked Up, 2010

"What a Fool Believes," the Doobie Brothers, 1979

Celebratory

"Fooled Around and Fell in Love," Elvin Bishop, 1976

"Dancin' Fool," Frank Zappa, 1979

"Fool for the City," Foghat, 1975

"Fool in the Rain," Led Zeppelin, 1979

"Fools Rush In," Johnny Mercer, 1940

Resigned

"Everybody Plays the Fool,"

the Main Ingredient, 1972

"Why Do Fools Fall in Love?"

Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers, 1956

"Fool to Cry," the Rolling Stones, 1976

"Fools in Love," Joe Jackson, 1979

Zen

"The Fool on the Hill," the

Beatles, 1967

Defiant

"Won't Get Fooled Again,"

the Who, 1971

"Chain of Fools," Aretha Franklin, 1967

"Running Out of Fools,"

Aretha Franklin, 1964/Neko Case, 2002

"Foolin'," Def Leppard, 1983

"Fools Gold," the Stone Roses, 1989

The Mistress of Heartbreak

Rachael Yamagata, the indie-music darling, has hit the mainstream, playing to international, sold-out crowds.

Rachael Yamagata's 2004 debut album, *Happenstance*, established her as indie music's go-to girl for anguished, romantic wallowing. After a period of uncertainty, during which she parted with major labels and started her own Frankenfish Records, Yamagata, 35, has more than found her way. Her new EP, *Heavyweight*, picks up where her last full-length CD, 2011's *Chesapeake*, left off, further exploring the complexities and complications of relationships. While Yamagata's piano-based music is often dreamy and obsessive, the artist herself proves to be surprisingly focused, thoughtful, and upbeat.

Why did you decide to do an EP instead of a full album?

It's all part of being able to release music at a faster pace. *Chesapeake* was very quick coming together. And I had this surge of energy right after that, which led to some of these songs. I didn't want to lose the freshness of them by waiting to put them on a full record. I also thought the EP would answer the call of the dark ballads that weren't so prominent on *Chesapeake*.

What is your favorite of the six songs on the EP, and why?

"Keep Going." It's blatantly optimistic. It's a positive, "Can't we just join hands"/"Kumbaya" type of song. The message is simple: We need to help each other if we're going to change the world. But I've never been able to write that in a way that felt like my voice, so I'm really proud of it.

"Heavyweight," the title song, has such a sad, romantic melody.

That song is about a very long relationship I was in. We were like boxers, completely at odds. We could not communicate other than in battle, and yet I wanted to stick it out. I was living in Philadelphia. I got into the *Rocky* soundtrack, and I used to run on the Ben Franklin Bridge. I kept thinking about heavyweight champions, and the idea of someone who had such sensitivity, but only knew how to get through life on his strengths, and with this armor, bravado, and forcefulness. The song is about those themes, and also what a *heavy weight*—a burden—it is to feel like you have to exist in the world that way.

The press often refers to you as "the mistress of heartbreak." How does that sit with you?

I used to be uncomfortable with it. Now, actually, I feel better about it. It means I'm doing something well enough to get a title for it. While it may not bode well for my personal life, I appreciate it as an artist.

One writer said, "Yamagata does not focus on separation or the challenges of a love affair, but on the process." Do you think that's true?

I would agree with that. I think I have somewhat of a scientific approach to my lyrics regarding heartbreak. I'm fascinated by the stages of coming together and splitting apart, and all the subtleties and twists that lie within that journey. Sometimes I compare it to what it might be like for a doctor. They're fascinated by medicine and how all the parts of the body work. You have to love what's ailing you in order to search for this cure. I say all of this in hindsight, but in fact when the writing is going on, none of it is conscious.

Why are relationships so difficult?

Relationships can be hard because we make them hard. I think people are drawn together to teach each other lessons. When you get into a substantial relationship, you're supposed to work to expand where you are. And that's not easy. The risk is the highest that it will ever be, because love is on the line. I get kind of spiritual on this, but it's our human fears that keep us from really being authentic with one another. The great

“I have learned through some of my relationships that there are people who can have all the love in the world for somebody, and still have a fling. I have many friends who can do that.”





thing is that a love relationship gives you the best chance to be your real self, because you trust somebody that much. You're in the safety of intimacy. But you're also super-vulnerable. Each relationship that I've been in has taught me tremendous lessons about myself. I truly believe that we're all very connected, so whatever happens in a relationship, whether it goes awry or not, always inspires me to a deeper connection with everybody in the world.

How does sex fit into all of this?

Well, that opens a whole new ball game for me [laughs]. It's important to have in a relationship, because ideally, it's a physical expression of all those qualities. And yet you run into the argument, "Does sex have to involve love? Is it something that can be purely physical? Is it something that can be selfish?" I'm definitely one of those people who has to have a deeper soul connection for it to register in all its glory. But I have also learned through some of my rela-

tionships that there are people who can have all the love in the world for somebody, and still have a fling. I have many friends who can do that, and they're absolutely fine. But it's hard for me to be unconscious about sex.

Are you in a relationship now? How's it going?

I am in a relationship now, actually, and it's going well. I tend to dive in and start with a full well of trust in the beginning. I'm a hopeless romantic, and you'd think I'd have been too burned from my preoccupation with the challenges of love, but I still believe in the magic of meeting and the journeys we get to have with one another when we get into a relationship. So I go in pretty wide-eyed, but my complexes are triggered by different fears: "Why are you with me?" "Can you handle the full me—the touring social gal, as well as the 5 a.m. early-bird businesswoman/hermit with cats?" I'm a big caretaker, too, so it's a balance of being that, but also connecting with someone who sees me for me.

What do you do when you aren't playing music?

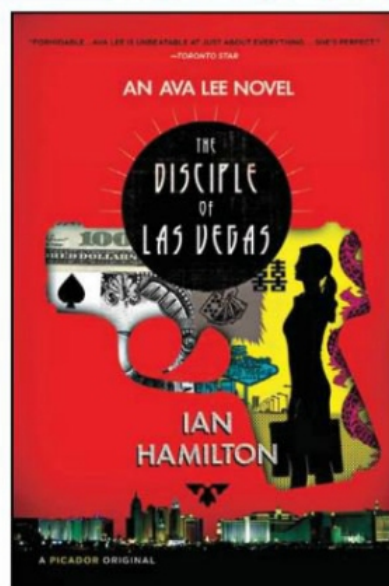
I'm obsessed with interior design and all things HGTV. I would love to find some rundown place and have it be an ongoing project. My loft right now looks like some sort of fairy-tale tree house for crazy people. I'm always painting something or building a swing or rearranging. DVD series help me veg out—*Game of Thrones* and *Downton Abbey* are my current faves. Otherwise, I can get lost in the business side. The non-music-making work is endless, really.

What's next?

Definitely more music-making. I'd love to build my own studio and learn more about the production side. I'm dying to learn the cello. And I've written 15 songs for a musical and want to find a storywriter. Other than that, I feel drawn to go to Spain and Africa. And I'm determined to learn QuickBooks. Meanwhile, I totally need to fix my home-botched hair-dye job, and I could use a nap as well. ☺

ACCOUNTS PAYABLE

Ava Lee, the badass female protagonist of a new mystery series, collects her debts by any means necessary.



The Disciple of Las Vegas

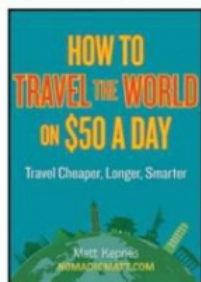
By Ian Hamilton

Picador

Ava Lee, the debt-collecting, take-charge, badass female protagonist of Hamilton's new mystery series, is not someone you want to mess with, no matter how rich or powerful you are. She has a take-no-prisoners approach and isn't afraid of anyone. That last quality comes in handy when there's a hit out on her and she has to track down \$50 million that's been embezzled via an online gambling scam. Hamilton makes each page crackle with the kind of energy that could easily jump to the movie screen. Lee's methods for getting people to talk are inventive, and sometimes sadistic, but everything she does has a purpose. This riveting read will keep you up late at night. It may also make you look twice from now on at any woman wearing pointy shoes.

How to Travel the World on \$50 a Day

By Matt Kepnes



Travel blogger Kepnes—of NomadicMatt.com fame—has useful travel tips for you, whether you want to roam the world indefinitely or simply save on your next vacation. From banking to backpacks, hot spots to frequent-flyer miles, his guidebook, from Perigee Trade, covers a dizzying range of practical topics in an easy-to-use format. He goes in-depth about specifics in far-flung locations, and always upholds the book's subtitle about traveling "cheaper, longer, smarter." Whether you're a veteran wayfarer or just got your first passport, this book is likely to save you money and aggravation. Make room in your luggage for it.

The Complete Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Dating & Sex

By David Borgenicht, Joshua Piven, and Ben H. Winters



Lost a handcuff key? Have BO? Need to fake an orgasm? Locking lips with a bad kisser? Whatever your sex- or dating-related crisis, this handy tome, from Chronicle Books, has a solution for you. (There's even a section on bloody noses.) While humorous and largely tongue-in-cheek, this guide does offer practical/funny tips (including "seem rich" as a way to amp up your on-line dating profile). But we don't advise you to take the ones about "how to sabotage your ex's new relationship" too seriously. You're better off focusing on how to have sex on a plane, in a library, or outdoors.



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HAIL TO THE CHIEF

The Indian Chief Vintage Final Edition is a collectible piece of motorcycling history.



THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Polaris now owns the Indian name, and starts by giving the past a proper send-off.

By Bill Heald





In the history of American motorcycles, the Indian name brings both pleasure and pain. The pleasure comes from the innovative, beautiful motorcycles the company built for several decades (for a while, it was one of the largest motorcycle manufacturers in the world), and pain from the fact that, less than a decade after World War II, the company went bankrupt. While resurrected many times, the name never achieved its former glory. That renown stemmed from race victories and a reputation for styling and engineering, including deeply valanced fenders and inline-four engines that proved to be well ahead of their time.

By far, the most popular Indian model was the Chief, and whenever a concern has acquired the rights to the company name, a model usually sported this moniker, helping to maintain the Indian legacy. Sadly, a lot of the Indians produced in the 1950s were just re-badged foreign makes, but at least the name was kept alive and on two wheels, and over the years many companies temporarily built the bikes, but ultimately failed. Now that Polaris Industries (Victory motorcycle's parent company) has secured the Indian brand, the company has big plans for it, but first it has decided to pay tribute not just to the motorcycles of the past, but to a recent manufacturing location as well. The place is Kings Mountain, North Carolina, where small runs of Indian motorcycles were built from 2006 to 2011, and Polaris is saluting these

highly customized bikes by building a limited-edition Indian Chief called the Vintage Final Edition. "We are working hard designing and building the new Indian motorcycle, but we knew it was important to honor and celebrate the long and proud heritage of Indian Motorcycle, and the Kings Mountain era played a key role in that continuing history," explains Steve Menneto, Vice President of Motorcycles at Polaris Industries. "The Final Edition is an acknowledgement of our gratitude to the team at Kings Mountain for sustaining the Indian Motorcycle story and its heritage as America's original motorcycle brand."

The motorcycle itself is fully loaded with all things Indian, including a massive 1,720-cc V-twin engine and an Indian Red, Thunder Black, and Gold Pinstripe paint scheme based on the Chief that was displayed at the 1939 World's Fair. It's also armed

with such standard features as a black-leather solo seat (with included detachable passenger pillion), windshield, black-leather saddlebags, chrome grab rail, engine guards, chrome fender tips, lots of leather-fringe accents, and auxiliary driving lamps. The detail work is exemplary and revives some of the marque's most celebrated styling cues, and since this motorcycle will be built in extremely low numbers, it stands to be a highly collectible unit.

Now that production of the new Indian line will be in Polaris's Spirit Lake, Iowa, facility, the future of the brand looks bright indeed, and with this very unique tribute to the past the company looks forward to bringing some of that Indian style, innovation, and pride back to the marketplace. Those interested in the Vintage Final Edition should act fast, though, as once they're gone, they're gone. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, 45-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	100.7mm x 107.9mm
Displacement	1,720 cc
Fuel system	Closed-loop, sequential-port fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	41mm conventional forks
Rear suspension	Single shock
Front brakes	Dual-caliper floating rotors, 292mm discs
Rear brake	Single-caliper floating rotor, 292mm disc
Front tire	130/90 16 whitewall
Rear tire	150/80B 16 whitewall
Fuel tank	5.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	68.4 inches
Seat height	27.25 inches
Curb weight	753 pounds
Base price	\$37,599



NO COOLD FUSION

Ford heats up its midsize sedan, with impressive results.

By Bill Heald

Whether or not you're a fan of the Ford Motor Company, there's no denying the company is full of surprises. This includes hiring former Boeing engineer and cockpit designer Alan Mulally as

CEO in 2006, which has no doubt influenced the digital voice/touch-screen interfaces that are part of Ford's strategy to bring these fresh technologies to automotive applications. Also integral to its plans are a family of all-new "EcoBoost" engines that combine smaller displacements, lighter weight, and state-of-the-art turbocharging to boost power and fuel economy while increasing refinement and overall drivability. This is cool stuff, sure, but with the Fusion we're still talking about a car that competes with the likes of Camrys and Altimas. What could Ford do to really get our attention when there's so much exotic hotness out there?

What the company has done is pack all the new hardware and software into a body that looks right at home parked with the aforementioned exotic hotness. More likely to be mistaken for an Aston Martin or a Jaguar than some altered Taurus, the Fusion's aggressive, sophisticated styling is a great way of introducing a stout, well-mannered chassis along with an intriguing choice in power trains. There's a 2.5-liter in-line four, but the fun begins with the two EcoBoost offerings in 1.6- and 2-liter variants. We sampled the 1.6 to see if it was actually possible to take such a wee displacement engine and make it





work satisfyingly in a car this size, and to test whether it can exploit the new chassis' prowess. With only 178 horsepower on tap, could this mill get sufficient steam up through turbocharging to motivate a sedan that looks like it should be lapping the competition? Thanks to a very efficient six-speed SelectShift Automatic transmission calibrated to optimize power, the Fusion is surprising fun on tight stretches of road, and a manual six speed is also available for even more driver involvement. The goal of EcoBoost turbocharging is to increase power across the rev range (compared to the more high-strung turbos of the past), thus giving the impression you're driving a car with a larger engine. MacPherson struts up front, along with state-of-the-art multilink rear-suspension components (Ford compares it to BMW and Audi designs), deliver handling precision and

a firm ride that is far sportier than what midsize sedans typically offer. You can toss the Fusion around with surprising ease, and ideal weight distribution (thanks in part to the EcoBoost's small size) and body stiffness enhance every aspect of the car's handling, braking included.

This aspect of the new Fusion, along with its striking packaging, are what make this car desirable, and a sign of Ford's new commitment to make enthusiasts' cars instead of mere conveyances. Substantial changes to the interior also round out the package, including sharp, contemporary design. As mentioned above, Ford is determined to be an industry leader in bringing touch-screen tech into the "cockpit," and MyFord Touch is its solution to the notion that previous control designs have become too antiquated. Ultimately, by bringing a voice/touch interface to most common infotainment functions, this system is attractive, but a huge step sideways in mitigating driver distraction. Far more welcome is the bevy of radar-enhanced aids, such as adaptive cruise control, along with lane-departure, cross-traffic, and blind-spot alert systems. There's even optional active-park assist that can moor the Fusion for you, but then this denies the driver the pleasure of the Blues Brothers-style parking that the taut chassis invites. The great thing about new technology is that a lot of it has an off switch, so you can appreciate the mechanical excellence the Fusion offers in its purest form. This alone is a big step forward, and the reason why this car's overall performance is so surprising. 

SPECIFICATIONS (FWD)

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	1.6-liter turbocharged EcoBoost in-line four
Power	178 horsepower
Torque	184 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic
Front tires	235/50 R17
Rear tires	235/50 R17
Curb weight	3,421 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	8.1 seconds
Top speed	120 mph
Fuel	16.5 gallons
EPA mpg	23 city/36 highway
Base price	Base: \$23,700; as tested: \$30,975

EXTRA LIFE

Gadgets that do away with downtime.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Kobo Glo

Kobo • \$130

Like Amazon's Kindle Paperwhite e-reader, the Kobo Glo not only replicates the experience of reading the printed page, it improves upon it with a glowing screen for midnight reading. In fact, the Kobo Glo is almost identical to the Paperwhite in price and features (both have six-inch screens, a zippy touch-screen interface, and superb contrast for maximum readability). But while the Kindle Paperwhite can access Amazon's unrivaled selection of eBooks, the Kobo Glo is compatible with a wider array of formats, including digital comics and open-source EPUB files. Couple that with its more versatile interface (you can even load your own fonts), and Kobo's device is the best choice for tech-heads who are savvy about finding their own content.



■ Sherpa 50 solar-recharging kit

Goal Zero • \$510

While other solar-charging kits (such as Gomadic's excellent \$100 SunVolt) can juice up your phone, e-reader, and maybe your tablet, the Sherpa 50 system gives you everything you need to power any portable device that normally requires a regular wall outlet. The carrying case (which looks like a man-purse, unfortunately) includes a pair of fold-out solar panels, a rechargeable battery, and an AC inverter with a plug-in power socket. The panels recharge the battery in about seven hours (depending on the weather), then the battery can power an iPad for up to 15 hours, a laptop for 2 hours, and a small device such as a DVD player for more than 10 hours. You can also buy the kit without the inverter for \$450.



■ Edge tablet

Razer • Starting at \$1,000

When deluxe-PC builder Razer turned to its community for help designing an industrial-strength Windows 8 gaming tablet, the result was predictably powerful. It was also much more than a gaming tablet. The device, the Razer Edge, has specs that rival those of a high-end desktop system. The base model packs an i5 dual-core CPU, dedicated NVIDIA graphics card, and a 10.1-inch touch screen with a respectable 1,366 by 768 resolution. It's mighty enough to run the latest games, plus fulfill all the usual tablet functions (movie viewing, web-browsing, etc.). A range of separately sold accessories—including a keyboard, TV dock, and funky dual-grip controller—transform the tablet into a full-fledged PC and gaming console. In other words, this is one entertainment device to rule them all.



■ Wireless Plus mobile storage Seagate • \$200

This is much more than a portable hard drive; it broadcasts its own Wi-Fi network to any devices within 150 feet. With its one-terabyte capacity, it can store up to 500 high-definition flicks or thousands of songs, photos, and files. The ten-hour battery life means you can toss it in a bag and create your own personal media-rich internet for flights and long drives. Up to eight smartphones, tablets, or laptops (PC or Mac) can access the Wireless Plus to stream movies or back up documents and photos. Custom apps for iOS, Kindle, Android, and PC make it easy to search for files and organize data.



■ Hue LED home-lighting system Philips • \$200

LED bulbs use 80 percent less energy than conventional bulbs, but cost a bundle. Philips' Hue lighting system sweetens the deal by adding "smart home" functionality to any lamp or fixture that uses standard bulbs. Each of these Wi-Fi-equipped bulbs (which last, on average, 15 years) connects to the internet, letting you customize light settings from your smartphone or tablet. Setting vacation timers is just the beginning. The Hue bulbs can change color and brightness to re-create lighting conditions from any photo, or wake you up gently in the morning. Preset "light recipes" create scientifically formulated conditions for reading, concentrating, or just chilling out. The \$200 Hue starter kit comes with three bulbs and a Wi-Fi bridge; additional bulbs are \$60.



■ Tinké Zensorium • \$119

It's not nearly as high-tech as a *Star Trek* medical tricorder, but the Tinké (pronounced "tink") health sensor still manages to track everything that makes you tick. Just plug it into your iPhone/iPad/iPod Touch (a PC adapter is forthcoming) and press your thumb against the sensor; in 30 seconds, the Tinké app records your heart rate, blood-oxygen level, rate of breathing, and heart-rate variability. Vital signs are boiled down into two diagnostic numbers: the Vita Index (a measure of overall fitness health) and the Zen Index (a snapshot of your stress level). On-screen tips help you improve both scores, and you can compare them online with pals for bragging rights.



■ Speaker Trio Bem Wireless • \$300

Think of this multiroom music streamer as a budget-friendly, low-frills version of the popular Sonos speaker. For the price of just one Sonos unit, you get three wireless, rechargeable speakers that you can drop anywhere in your house or backyard—up to 40 feet from the base transmitter (farther if walls aren't in the way). Stream music from Bluetooth-compatible smartphones, tablets, and laptops, or connect your device to the base via auxiliary input. Battery life per speaker is around six hours; when they run low on juice, simply return them to the base for conductive charging.

Too Close for Comfort?

Should you shit where your girlfriend eats? Our twenty-first-century rogue weighs in on how close is too close when it comes to side action.

Illustration by Celia Calle




Since the beginning of our relationship two years ago, my girlfriend and I have had an open relationship. We love each other, and we both think that someday this might turn into a lifetime commitment, but we both work a lot, not always on the same schedule. Since we can't always coordinate our time together, we're okay with the other getting some action on the side. We've got only one rule: Don't ask, don't tell. We don't divulge any information. This has worked out fine, until Sadie.

My girlfriend has become very close to this new girl at her job, Sadie, and, well, I want to fuck her—bad. Up to this point, any side sex has been with women she doesn't know, and I fear that screwing around with someone in her life could open a Pandora's box of shit that neither of us wants to deal with. But Sadie is so fucking hot, and seems like she'd be into it. What do I do?

I have always loved the expression "Don't shit where you eat." Not only is it pointless, but people never, ever take it to heart. People constantly get involved with coworkers, because once we start working full-time, coworkers quickly become our primary source of social interaction.

In this case, you're thinking about shitting where *she* eats, but how do you know she hasn't been shitting there herself? She has male friends at work, she hangs out with them at lunch and happy hour, and you'd never know if she got bent over a desk in an empty office on a slow Thursday afternoon because she's not going to—or allowed to—tell you. Hint: She probably has.

When this relationship started, you set only one rule, and there's no reason why you can't fuck Sadie. You can't control whether or not she says something and your girlfriend finds out second-hand. You're still abiding by the rule if you don't tell her yourself. So go ahead, shit where she eats.

Just remember, you're opening the door to fucking each other's friends, assuming it was closed. If you don't want her screwing your buddies, you might want to pass on sex with Sadie and add a no-friends clause to your rule. 



BIÈRE HERE!

Forget wine. The finest drink in France is the country's favorite spring seasonal beer, *bière de garde*.

By Joshua M. Bernstein



I am perhaps one of the few people in the world who dreaded a springtime trip to Paris. See, I'm a dyed-in-the-wool beer drinker, and I like to spend my vacations exploring a local beer culture. Stouts, IPAs, and pale ales can signify as much regional history and flavor as a plate of Texas barbecue. But *France*? This was a nation of wine drinkers and Cognac sippers, with a little Champagne thrown in for festive occasions.

French beer was largely relegated to Kronenbourg 1664, a light lager as thrilling as a bottle of Bud Light. However, after a few days of barhopping, I discovered a most delicious indigenous French creation: *bière de garde*, the pride and joy of northern France's Nord-Pas-de-Calais region. It borders the English Channel, the North Sea, and beer-crazed Belgium.

In the land known as French Flanders, local brewers specialize in strong, rustic farmhouse ales called *bières de garde*, aka "beers for keeping." Though they're now made year-round, *bières de garde* were traditionally brewed in the early spring and kept in cool cellars for savoring through the warmer months. (The style contains a subcategory of heartier farmhouse ales known as *bières de Mars*, which are usually released in March—*Mars* in French.) Unlike the bracing Czech pilsner or Germany's elegant *kölsch*, this singular French creation is an open invitation for brewers to improvise like jazz musicians.

To toot a rough tune, rich *bières de garde* usually register a fairly robust 6 to 8 percent alcohol by volume. Color-wise, the brews range from amber to light brown to blonde, with a sweet, sometimes musty aroma chock-full of fruit, and maybe a spicy, herbal bitterness. Cooler fermentation temperatures help smooth out the balanced, medium-bodied beer, which partners plenty of carbonation with a malty flavor that may call to mind toast or caramel.

While northern France's brewing industry was nearly knocked out by World Wars I and II, a diverse range of *bières de garde* is still brewed today. For example, Brasserie Castelain's Blonde Bière de Garde has a fruity bouquet, while Brasserie Duyck's Jenlain Ambrée has a distinct honey sweetness. On the other hand, Brasserie de Saint Sylvestre makes the Gavorche red ale and the subtly fruity and bitter 3 Monts.

Lately, American craft brewers have also begun tinkering with the farmhouse style. You'll find fine examples, such as the St. Louis-made Schlafly Bière de Garde, the Lost Abbey's Avant Garde, Flying Dog's Garde Dog, and Two Brothers' Domaine DuPage French Style Country Ale, which was inspired by a stretch when brothers Jim and Jason Ebel—the Chicago-area brewery's namesake siblings—lived in France.

Myself, I left France without a single wine, er, *whine* about the country's beers. Here are five *bières de garde* from both near and far. Fittingly, these are all keepers. ☞

FIVE TO TRY

■ Two Brothers' Domaine DuPage French Style Country Ale

Illinois' Two Brothers is one of America's steadiest, most dependable craft breweries, releasing pinpoint lagers and ales like this smooth amber-hued brew. Its aroma is reminiscent of toast and sweet caramel, which is echoed in the flavor. The beer concludes with a kiss of hoppy bitterness.

■ Schlafly's Bière de Garde

To create this hazy-orange smooth sipper, the brewers rely on a quartet of malts and French Strisselspalt hops. You'll taste sweet toffee and cloves, with a touch of green-apple tartness and spice to perk up your taste buds.

■ The Lost Abbey's Avant Garde

While the California brewery is known for its madcap Belgian-inspired beers, it shows a deft and even understated touch with this crisp-drinking pleasure. It smells of bread and tropical fruit, with a biscuity flavor and a floral bitterness.

■ Brasserie de Saint Sylvestre's 3 Monts

For this generously carbonated straw-gold ale, the French brewery uses loads of local hops and roasted malts, resulting in a fruity bouquet blended with notes of cloves and bread. Taste-wise, expect apples, honey, and an earthy bitterness.

■ Brasserie Castelain Blond Bière de Garde

The French brewery's take on the style has a bit more of a malt kick than the average *bière de garde*. It also takes its cues from Germany's *kölsch*, undergoing a lengthy fermentation at cooler temperatures. The result? Blond is a fruity beauty. ☞





liquid heat

When our counterparts at the German edition of *Penthouse* published photographs of 26-year-old Mia Magma, we immediately asked them to share the wealth.

Photographs by Martin Siebenbrunner



"I love my hometown of Munich. The nicest thing is the Bavarian hospitality, and there's a special atmosphere. Also, I am a child of the mountains, so it's perfect for me."





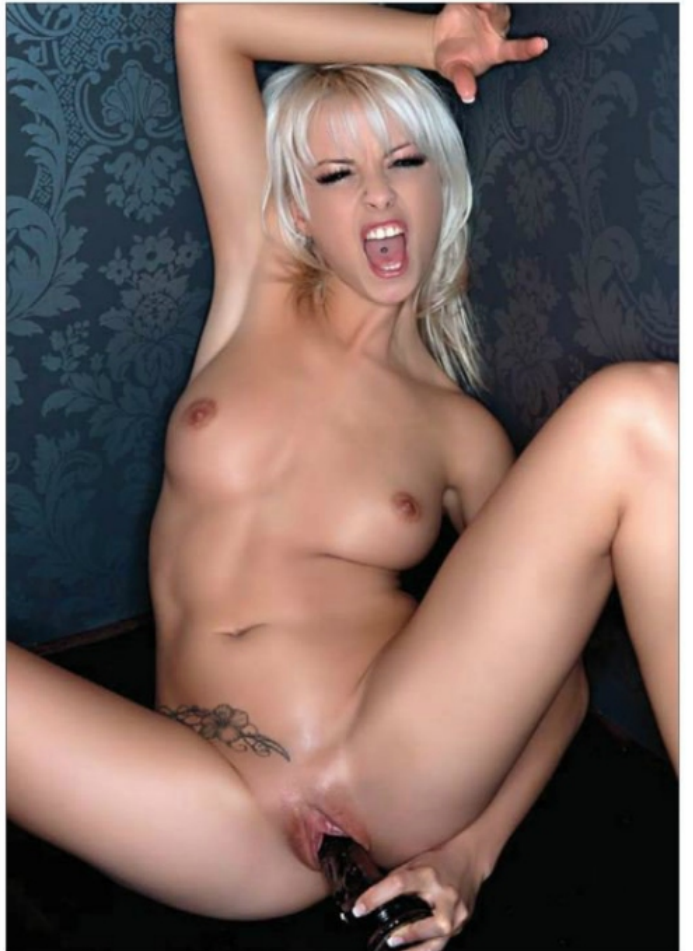
"I enjoy vacationing in California. I like the special way of life, the atmosphere of great freedom, the sun, the more simple and fast food.... I love it!"





"If I won a million dollars, I'd donate some to an animal-welfare organization, and put the rest away for a rainy day. Okay, I'd buy a pair of sexy shoes, too."





"The most exciting place I've ever made love is in a swingers club. And that's not really surprising, because watching other people have sex is a huge turn-on for me."





"I once had sex with five men. It was absolutely amazing, and I still dream of it often. If I could set up my fantasy sexual situation, I would do five guys again."

SEE MORE OF MIA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



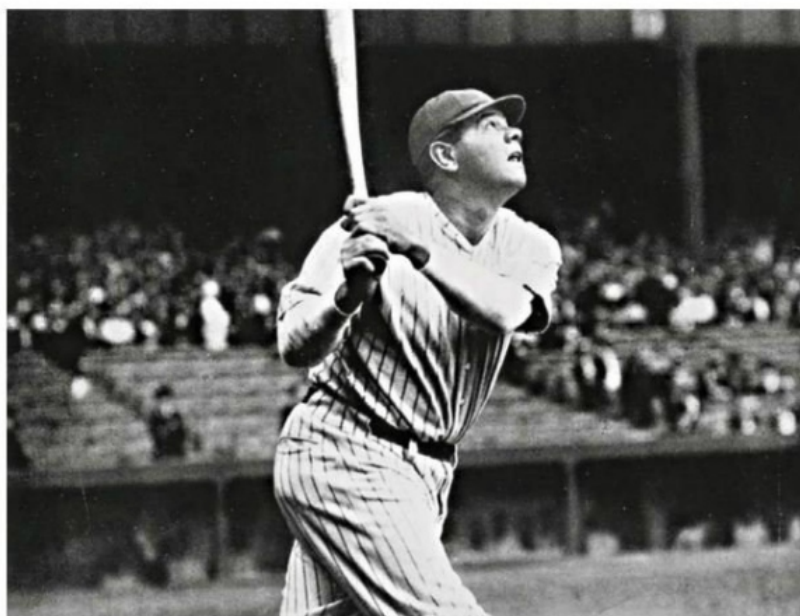
DIAMOND DOGS

From Babe Ruth to Wade Boggs, the Grand Old Game has always brought out the randy side of its players and execs.

By John Bolster



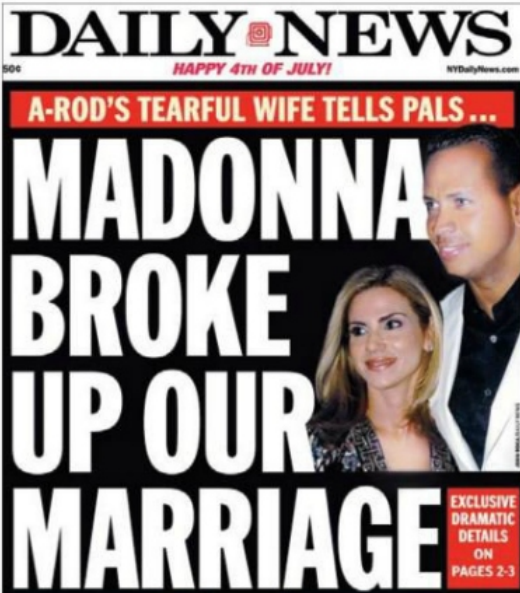
No wonder baseball terms have been used as euphemisms for sexual activity for decades (see "Paradise by the Dashboard Light," or any middle school lunchroom): Baseball players have been launching sexual escapades for even longer. Here are a dirty dozen of them.



The Babe's "Bellyache," 1925

In the words of sportswriter H. G. Salsinger, Babe Ruth could "eat more, drink more, smoke more, swear more, and enjoy himself more than any contemporary." That last entry on Salsinger's list was the least-publicized during Ruth's life: While tales of his hot-dog and whiskey consumption made the public rounds, his prodigious womanizing received much less press in his lifetime. During spring training in 1925, Ruth was hospitalized after suffering stomach cramps and a fever so severe he collapsed. The official word was that he had an intestinal ailment—reportedly fixed by a brief emergency surgery—but for years after, sportswriters murmured that he actually had a case of gonorrhea. He missed a third of the season, and he and his first wife, Helen, separated later that year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TRANSCENDENTAL GRAPHICS/GETTY IMAGES



Shish Kabbalah'd

You know how we know that none of Alex Rodriguez's (allegedly) many flings—from Kate Hudson to Cameron Diaz to various cocktail waitresses, strippers, and muscular fitness trainers—were baseball fans? Because baseball fans can't stand A-Rod. Hell, his fellow players don't even like him. The confessed performance-enhancing-drug-using, non-clutch-hitting, profoundly overpaid third baseman was voted the phoniest player in the game (by a landslide) in a 2012 *Sports Illustrated* player poll. His ex-wife, Cynthia, would second that notion. In July 2009, she filed for divorce from A-Rod after six years of marriage, citing his "extramarital affairs and other marital misconduct." The "last straw" for Cynthia, according to her lawyer, was Rodriguez's involvement that summer with the then-50-year-old Kabbalah enthusiast Madonna.



Keeping Up With Chipper Jones, 1997

Everything they say about spring apparently goes double for spring training: In March 1997, Atlanta slugger Chipper Jones spent the entire preseason celebrating the Braves' World Series title from the previous year by embarking on a series of sexual encounters not involving his wife, Karin. One of those affairs, with a Hooters waitress, resulted in a son, Matthew, born in late 1997. Karin initially stood by Jones, but then divorced him in 1999.



Phillips Head, 2009

As general manager of the New York Mets in 1998, Steve Phillips took an eight-day leave of absence after admitting several extramarital affairs and having allegations of sexual harassment brought against him. After departing the Mets in 2003—having signed a series of declining, expensive players such as Mo Vaughn, Roberto Alomar, Bobby Bonilla, Rickey Henderson, and Kenny Rogers (all of them busts)—Phillips took a job as an analyst at ESPN in 2004, and found that old habits die hard: In 2009, the then-46-year-old on-air personality admitted to an affair with a 22-year-old ESPN production assistant. His wife had filed for divorce eight weeks earlier, and ESPN fired Phillips four days after the affair came to light.



Lo Duca's Triple, 2006–2007

You may (or may not) remember Paul Lo Duca, a four-time All-Star catcher who played for the Dodgers, Marlins, Mets, and Nationals from 1998 to 2008. He also hit the trifecta of scandals in his career: Married to a hottie nude model while playing for the Mets, he became involved—according to the New York tabloids—with not one but two 19-year-old local girls. The fallout from those dalliances caused his wife Sonia (above) to divorce him, and mingled with reports that he had large, outstanding gambling debts. To top it all off, when the Mitchell Report came out in late 2007, Lo Duca's name was on several checks made out to documented steroid supplier Kirk Radomski.



Secret Love? Maury Wills and Doris Day, 1960s

Rumors wafted through 1960s Los Angeles that the Dodgers' future Hall of Fame shortstop Maury Wills had been involved with fresh-faced actress and singer Doris Day, who had a No. 1 hit with the song "Secret Love" in 1954. This interracial pairing would have been a bombshell story had it been confirmed in the sixties, but it remains a rumor to this day. In his autobiography, *On the Run: The Never Dull and Often Shocking Life of Maury Wills*, the speedy, hard-partying ballplayer says it was true. In her memoir, Day denies it, saying the Dodgers' PR department probably planted the story.



Jolted Joe, 1954

To most people, the shot of Marilyn Monroe straddling a New York City subway grate, her dress billowing around her hips as a train passes below, is an iconic image that encapsulates her legend. To new husband Joe DiMaggio, recently retired from the New York Yankees, the moment typified everything he despised about his wife's career: Hollywood phoniness, her being typecast as a dumb blonde, and her role as a sex object for mass consumption (there were thousands of people watching the shoot, which took place at 52nd Street and Lexington Avenue). He reportedly walked onto the set and said, "What the hell's going on here?" The couple then had a "yelling match" in the lobby of a nearby theater, and divorced one month later.



Roger Robs the Cradle, 1991-?

Among the revelations that came to light during the investigation of Roger Clemens for steroid use was this: He carried on a long-term relationship with country singer Mindy McCready (above), one that began, she initially said, when she was 15 and he was a married father, pitching for the Boston Red Sox. McCready later claimed the relationship didn't begin until she was 16, and didn't turn sexual until "several years" later. The affair lasted for "a decade," according to McCready.



Mr. Clean Goes Haywire, 1980s

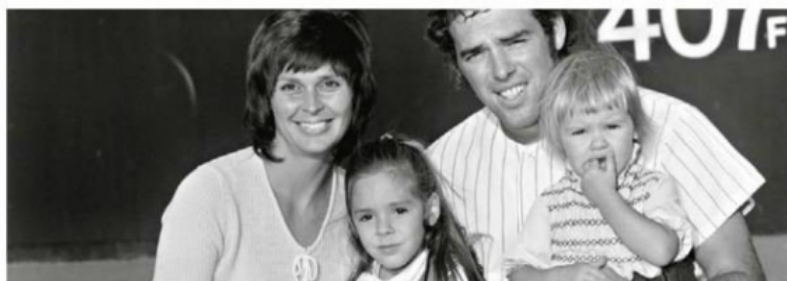
A ten-time All-Star first baseman with such a reputation for staying on the straight and narrow that his nickname was Mr. Clean, Dodgers star Steve Garvey had planned on a political career when his playing days were done. But a funny thing happened on the way to his Republican Senate seat: Garvey wandered off the straight and narrow. Way off: Recently divorced from Cyndy, his wife of 13 years (with Garvey, above), Garvey struck up simultaneous relationships with four different women, impregnated two of them, and dangled marriage prospects in front of two (only one of whom was preggers)—pretty much all at the same time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (5, LEFT) AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES, (5, RIGHT) TAMARA REYNOLDS/CORBIS OUTLINE, (4, LEFT) FOCUS ON SPORT/GETTY IMAGES, (4, RIGHT) ALAN GRETH/AP PHOTO



Cashing in on Cashman, 2012

General manager Brian Cashman has fared reasonably well at picking free agents upon which to lavish the New York Yankees' millions, but he has less of a Midas touch when it comes to choosing his mistresses. After a 2009 affair with a married woman nearly capsized his own marriage, Cashman became embroiled with one Louise Meanwell—whose last name is misleading, to say the least. When their affair went south, Meanwell harassed Cashman's previous mistress via Facebook, and allegedly demanded \$15,000 from Cashman to keep quiet. She later claimed that Cashman misled the feds in a steroid investigation, and was eventually charged with stalking and blackmailing the GM.




Kekich and Peterson's Complete Blockbuster Trade, 1973

Yankees left-hander Fritz Peterson won 20 games in 1970, but that's not what he's remembered for—not by a long shot. Three years later, during spring training (again with the spring training), Peterson announced that he and teammate Mike Kekich (above, with first wife Susanne), a good friend and fellow southpaw, had swapped wives, kids, and houses. The groundbreaking transaction worked out better for Peterson, who ended up marrying Susanne Kekich and having four more kids with her, while Mike and Marilyn Peterson split fairly soon after the deal was struck.



Wade Boggs's \$12 Million Woman, 1989

Not only was Boggs a legendary beer drinker said to have consumed 64 Miller Lites on a cross-country flight, he also had strange superstitions and a libido as robust as his lifetime batting average. From 1984 to 1988, Boggs, who was married with two kids, kept Margo Adams (above), a California mortgage broker, on the road with him. After Boggs broke things off, Adams filed a \$12 million lawsuit against him for emotional distress and breach of oral contract. (*Heh, heh*, she said "oral.") Adams gave an exclusive interview to *Penthouse*, saying, among other revelations, that she "got a woman" for a proposed threesome, but Boggs "backed down," and that "nothing is wilder than the last week of spring training, when the wives head back to Boston. You wouldn't believe what a frenzied free-for-all it is." Oh, we would. The suit was settled out of court. 

ANY FLING IS POSSIBLE

There's a saying in sports: On any given day, any team can win. Even better, in our humble opinion, we believe that you can bang any girl.

By Kara Wahlgren

“ Remember that you're not doing this out of compatibility or spirituality or anything good. You're doing this because you're not supposed to. Accept your guilt. ”

—Robert Kelly

We don't care if she's married, a swimsuit model, or the girl you dumped by text message last year—she's fair game. And as long as you're willing to take a few risks, you might actually have a chance with her. Here's our handy guide to improving the odds of getting off with an off-limits girl.

SHE'S TAKEN

Assess the situation: It's obvious why this is verboten—even if you're not technically cheating, you're still breaking every code in the book and risking an ass-whopping from her man. That said,

it's easy to spot an interested candidate. “If a married woman is going to meet you for coffee, or go to a movie with you, she's interested,” says comedian Robert Kelly, coauthor of *Cheat: A Man's Guide to Infidelity* and host of the “YKWD!” podcast on RiotCast.com. “You just need to give her the excuse she needs to be the piece of shit she wants to be.”

Abort the mission if: She tries to take you home. “If she invites you back to her house, she's trying to get caught,” Kelly says. “Make sure this isn't some crazy thing to get her husband jealous.”

Seal the deal: The key to success is letting her believe the whole thing just *happened*. Don't verbalize the attraction—it'll give her too much time to talk herself out of it. Instead, let her vent about her man or reflect on her hopes and dreams. "When it finally goes down, it's going to be quick and dirty and evil," Kelly says.

Kiss and tell? Wait a few months—and even then, tell only close friends.

SHE'S YOUR EX'S BEST FRIEND

Assess the situation: Depending on the circumstances of your breakup, sleeping with your ex's best pal can be sweet revenge or a total douche move. Either way, it's fun. But you're playing with a handicap, because in one way or another, you've been a source of misery in her friend's life—either you broke her heart, or you annoyed the shit out of her until she dumped you, or you were perfect but there just wasn't any chemistry. Whatever the situation, her best friend has heard every grisly detail and probably knows more about you than you realize. Are you okay with all that? Then proceed.

Abort the mission if: You ripped your ex's heart out. If her best friend is still willing to sleep with you, assume she either has an ulterior motive (e.g., webcam humiliation) or is a borderline sociopath.

Seal the deal: This might be easier than expected. "There's a weird psychological mechanism—women tend to be attracted to the same person their friends are," says Mark Manson, self-development expert and creator of PostMasculine.com. "Expect hesitation from your ex's bestie—chicks before dicks, remember?—but it can be done." Play the wounded-puppy card or the "I kinda wanted *you* the whole time" card, then lay low and wait for her to get the proverbial permission slip signed by your ex. You're in.

Kiss and tell? Zip it. Let her spill the beans.

SHE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND'S EX

Assess the situation: There are few women more out-of-bounds than the one your best friend used to bang. (Kelly compares the thrill to "seeing a tit for the first time—you know it's something you're not really supposed to see.") But before you make your move, evaluate their breakup. If they dated casually for a few months, you're cool. "If they lived together for four years and you ate Christmas dinner with them, that's a different scenario," Kelly says.

Abort the mission if: Your friend is still single. "He can't be lonely and searching while you're fucking his old chick," Kelly warns.

Seal the deal: If you always got along with his ex, bump into her and let things unfold. If she never liked you, you've got intrigue on your side—she can get wrapped up in the taboo of fucking someone she used to hate. And even if you spent the tenure of their relationship urging your friend to dump her, tell her that you think he was *crazy* to let her go.

Kiss and tell? "You shut your face," Kelly advises. "The only person you can tell is your son on his 30th birthday."





SHE'S YOUR EX

Assess the situation: The good news is, you've already paved the way. "Sexual access to exes is always fairly open, but the mechanics depend on who dumped whom," Manson says. If she dumped you, make sure you're 100 percent over her emotionally. If you dumped her, make sure you're not just being an asshole—or at least make sure you're *okay* with being an asshole.

Abort the mission if: She wants to get back together. "Don't be cruel and string her along," Manson says.

Seal the deal: Wait until the wounds have fully healed for both of you, and be up-front about your expectations. Are you looking to reconnect? Find a fuck buddy? Just get your rocks off? She's been with you before and sees through your bullshit, so honesty is the best policy.

Kiss and tell? Sure.



SHE'S YOUR BOSS

Assess the situation: Are you working at your dream job, with amazing coworkers and limitless growth potential and a fabulous benefits package? No? Then you might as well try to fuck your boss. Sure, you'll be gambling your job—or at least your professional integrity—on the conquest, but this is Sexual Bucket List territory.

Abort the mission if: You get the vibe she's a power-trippy psycho who's going to call you into her office every day for extra credit.

Seal the deal: This is the meeting of your life, so for the love of gainful employment, bring your A game. "If you mediocre-fuck your boss—if you give her an okay fuck—you're done," Kelly cautions. "She's going to tell *everyone*. It had better be the best fuck ever—then make her breakfast and get out of there like James Bond."

Kiss and tell? No—at least not at work.

SHE'S YOUR CLOSEST FEMALE FRIEND

Assess the situation: "Chances are, you're cemented in her 'friend zone,'" Manson says. "Many men have died sequestered in that miserable zone and have never gotten out." But all hope is not lost—with a little finesse, you can be the exception.

Abort the mission if: You simply can't bear to risk your friendship.... Just kidding. Go for it.

Seal the deal: Trying to present a sexual relationship as the natural progression of your friendship will

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) PAUL BRADBURY/GETTY IMAGES, (LEFT) MORGAN DAVID DE LOSSY/CORBIS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) BLUE IMAGES/CORBIS, (RIGHT) BROOKE FASANI/AUCHINCLOSS/CORBIS



backfire. "Most guys try to play the 'we're such great friends, we'd be great lovers' card," Manson says. "It reeks of entitlement and desperation." Instead, lay it on the line: Tell her you've become attracted to her in a more-than-friends way, and you just wanted her to know. "Be confident—say it like you're explaining how to assemble a DVD player," Manson says. "Don't try to talk her into it. Give her time to see you in a different way. It's the only way I've ever heard of it happening."

Kiss and tell? Generally safe.

SHE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND'S SISTER

Assess the situation: This might be a bad idea, especially if she's his younger sister. Just remember that, in the long run, what he thinks of you is more important than what she thinks of you.

Abort the mission if: Your friend has a street-fighting background or a temper.

Seal the deal: Dude, you're on your own with this one.


Kiss and tell? No!

SHE'S WAY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE

Assess the situation: "You have two choices: Improve yourself or lie," Manson says. "Self-improvement is always the best route to attracting more women." If the girl is slightly out of your league, you can probably pull yourself up to her level pretty easily—dress like a Banana Republic mannequin, buy her a bottle of wine you can't really afford, whatever. If she's ridiculously unattainable, however, you might need to open up to her about how hard it is to be the CFO of a Fortune 500 company—and hope no one blows your cover.

Abort the mission if: She seems too smart to buy your story.

Seal the deal: Hot girls are used to getting hit on by guys who are arrogant enough to think they have a shot. Basically, as long as you come off better than those douche bags, she might just give you a chance to make your case.

Kiss and tell? Hell yes. 



animal attraction

The delectable Whitney Westgate may have just turned 19, but she's already making her mark on the adult industry. Not surprising, for a young woman who knew from the start that this was the perfect career for her. "I came out to California to break into the business without knowing anyone," she tells us. "I actually told my mother I was going to school! But I love going new places and trying new things. I'm a risk-taker, and this is what I wanted. I'm all about the idea of 'go big or go home.'"

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens







“My favorite way to exercise is pole-dancing class. It’s a great workout and a lot of fun. I also take MMA/jujitsu classes.”





“I’m really into hockey, and I’m a big New York Rangers fan. In fact, my favorite fantasy is sex with a hockey player in the locker room.”









"I have no problem telling a man what I want when it comes to sex. I'm a very forward girl. If I'm interested in a guy, he knows!"



WHITNEY WESTGATE
APRIL 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



WHITNEY WESTGATE
APRIL 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





WHITNEY WESTGATE
APRIL 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ **What is the deal with men and morning sex? Bad breath, smudged makeup, hair going every which way—none of it's appealing. So why?** I don't think it's that men want sex in the morning; we just want it all the time. Many men wake up with an erection. This is either the body's way of preventing urination during sleep, the result of a hot dream, or a reaction to the woman he's lying next to. Regardless, all of the issues you mentioned can be cured with a quick five-minute trip to the bathroom. I think we can all agree that sex is one of life's greatest pleasures. Why not start the day that way? Ask your partner to go wash up and then do the same. It'll make the whole experience better.

■ **What's your opinion of sex on the first date? Usually, if I really like the person and want a relationship, I wouldn't, but I want to get a guy's point of view.**

I'm not into rules or games. Life is too short and unexpected for that. Feel it out; I suppose I don't understand your thinking here. "I really like this person so I'm not going to sleep with him," but "I don't care for this person much, so we may as well fuck." Huh? See what I mean? On some level, I almost think people should have sex on the first date. I mean, dinner, movie, drinks, then a few more dates... After you both become emotionally invested and find that you really enjoy each other's company, you find

out that you're totally incompatible sexually? That is a drag. Then again, everyone knows I'm more of a "fuck now and see if we like each other later" kind of guy.

■ **Do you believe in love (not just lust) at first sight? Like, immediate connection/soul-mate insanity?**

I really don't believe in love at first sight, and the fact that feeling that way can totally distort your perception of someone's personality to fit whatever fantasy you have written in your head about them. It really comes down to pheromones and aesthetics. That's my practical answer. On the other side of the coin, I'd say yes. I have hard evidence and experience that proves love at first sight exists! Frankly, I fall in love at first sight between 5 and 10 times a day, 15 if you count encounters on social-media sites.

■ **What is the best way to tell someone you have herpes?** Maybe wait until the day after they dump you, then send a note in a text. (Kidding.)

I have had it explained to me, and it was really simple. She just said she has the virus and that it is not transmittable unless she has a breakout. I never saw her again. [Editor's note: Doctors believe transmission is possible when one is asymptomatic.]

Visit the website cited below for more info. [Seriously, just have the conversation. Your partner deserves to know about it, and to know that this is a very common issue for many couples with very simple ways to either work around it or have medication prescribed to prevent flare-ups. Check out HerpesCounter.com for all the statistics and facts you'll need to address the issue and find a method of dealing with it.]

■ **As a woman, sometimes I want sex to be sweet and gentle, then sometimes rough and tough. How do I make the transition with my lover and/or sex partner so his masculine side is not offended if I want to take the lead and control the situation (fantasy) and be the dominant one who is calling all the shots?** You really just have to communicate. Say what you want when you want it. If your man is guaranteed an orgasm, he should be pretty easy to convince, provided you have a relationship that allows flexibility. Explain that you would like variety in the bedroom. Bear in mind that sometimes it's better to have these conversations completely independently of any sexual behavior. This can eliminate the possibility of damaging your partner's ego and causing resentments. Say that, as much as you love how things are, you would like to try additional options to keep things hot and fresh and new. ☺

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.




WHITNEY WESTGATE
APRIL 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



What's hot:
 33D-34-26, 5'6"
 Physique: M
 Hometown: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Favorite thing about your hometown:
 There's always a party going on, and the weather is just what you need to get in the mood for a good time.
Favorite vacation spot:
 The Bahamas. It's beautiful, fun, and relaxing.
Downvocation spot:
 Relaxing on my beach, listening to music, and enjoying the view.
Favorite food:
 Steak.
Favorite TV show:
 The Originals, The Vampire Diaries.
Favorite music:
 The Green Day, The Beatles.
What do you like to do in your spare time?
 I enjoy all kinds of activities, from hiking to yoga, and I love to travel.
Your most memorable sex experience:
 I had a really good time with a guy who was really into me.
The most exciting place you've been to:
 A beach in the Bahamas.
Favorite description:
 Beautiful, sexy, and a little bit naughty.
You're never as far from:
 A good time.

SEE MORE OF WHITNEY AT ENT.5050.COM



Byrd Watching

By Christine Colby

I moved to New York City as a student, to a cramped, dingy walk-up apartment furnished with a futon and plastic crates I had found on the street. I had a small TV, but couldn't afford cable, so there was nothing to watch. Nothing, until I discovered Manhattan Neighborhood Network, the city's local cable-access channel. I had never seen programming so explicit before, and certainly not without paying a premium. Having moved to Manhattan from a suburban community below the Mason-Dixon Line, I was shocked that so much sex and nudity just streamed into my apartment 24/7. I was glued to the screen, transfixed as much by the ads for phone sex and professional domination as I was to the shows. There was a dominatrix cooking show, she-male programs, and a gay S/M series with specials on such topics as rimming. I learned so much! And my favorite teacher was Robin Byrd, a former porn star known for a role in *Debbie Does Dallas*.

A fixture on Manhattan Neighborhood Network for more than 30 years now, *The Robin Byrd Show* features male and female exotic dancers, dommes, and porn stars, performing and promoting their work and appearances. Despite a playful,

campy tone, the show is also very explicit, with full nudity, performers spreading themselves wide for camera close-ups, and Byrd fondling her guests, usually mock-poking-out her eye with someone's bare schlong. Despite the hard-core entertainment, Byrd is known for her friendly and homey demeanor, always inviting her audience to "lie back and get comfortable" with her, and reminding them to brush their teeth before bed, while applying her signature clear lip gloss.

While the TV show has been in reruns since the late nineties, Robin Byrd is now back, but this time, live onstage. She's brought her show to New York City's the Cutting Room, the famous lounge owned by actor Chris Noth. *Penthouse* caught up with her a few weeks into what's shaping up to be a very long run, after having seen her opening night, which showcased sizzling performances by Jade Vixen (featured in these pages in a March 2010 pictorial), Jo Boobs (featured in an article on burlesque in May 2011), Amanda Whip (a model in our dungeon photo shoot for a February 2012 story), and other sexy stars.

So you haven't made any new TV shows since the late nineties?

Since 1998 or '99. In fact, I have a whole series of shows that nobody has ever seen, that I've never edited or assembled.

What are you waiting for?

For many years we were in one studio that gave me heat in the summer and air-conditioning in the winter. Those

were always the greatest times. It was before the digital cameras that were so harsh on your eyes; I used tubed cameras that were amazing. And then when they moved the studio, they had air-conditioning in the summer and heat in the winter, so the perky nipples were gone and the sweaty skin was gone. And the adult-film stars—they started looking the same. And you'd ask a multiple-choice question to a male or female, and they'd go, [*squeaky, high-pitched voice*] "Aahhh huh." So that's when I stopped, and I haven't shown that last year, from '98 to '99, only because I didn't feel like they were my best.

What do you think changed with the performers?

It was a different generation. When I did films, we did them because we wanted to change the "adult look." There was a storyline, and it was on film, before VHS came out. And back then, everybody had different looks to them. But in the late nineties, everyone started having the same big boob jobs, the same nose jobs, the same blonde hair. Almost like recycled names, even—like, there was Savannah, and then there was another girl named Savanna who spelled it differently. Now everybody looks like a porn star! Even bankers look like porn stars these days. It was like I said to myself, "I'm on top, I've done the best, why don't I just bow out gracefully and stay on top?"

What was it that made you decide to do a live stage version of the show now?

I still have lots of show in me! And I love a live audience.

On the TV show, it was pretty much adult-film stars and exotic dancers. From what I saw of the stage show, it was mostly regulars from the art-star, burlesque scene, with maybe a little crossover.

I like it to be a little more burlesque, more vaudeville—like a variety show. Also, it's Midtown, as opposed to downtown, and it's a new phase. I've already been there, done the nakedness. Plus, they have a liquor license, so [there are some restrictions on nudity]. This is to get people out to have a good time outside of their houses. I was always into the tease, anyway.


How do you choose the performers?

The TV show is playful but explicit, with full nudity and performers spreading themselves wide for close-ups.



Amanda Whip, I actually picked out myself after seeing her [at a club], and I thought she was *hot*. And I was looking for somebody to be my new Heather Hunter; I had [former porn star] Heather Hunter on all the time. And I saw that in Amanda. So I have her almost every week—my little stage kitten. She helps, cleaning up the stage or just being onstage to play around with me. I do sometimes ask some people to come on the show, but I also have people getting the guests for me now.

Will we ever see you in your crocheted bikini again? I was looking forward to that when I went to the show; I thought you might do a little strip yourself.

[Laughs] You know, I've never been one to want to live up to anybody's expectations. I have a feeling everybody was expecting me to be in that crocheted bikini, so I wasn't going to live up to it. I figured, *Oh, well, I'm really comfortable in my cowboy boots*, which I always wore on the show anyway. I mean, it's a bar. I'm never going to say never, but do you really want to? 

Magic Mushroom

By Reverend Jen

Someone is missing a double-ended sex toy in China! The displaced masturbation gadget, equipped with an artificial vagina and anus, recently became an international news item when it was mistaken for a rare mushroom in the Chinese village of Liucunbu. When villagers drilling a well shaft found the "fungus," they called a local TV station, which sent over a crew to cover the discovery. In the resulting segment on *Xi'an Up Close*, probing reporter Yunfeng Ye earnestly described the 19-centimeter, "soft, slimy" object as it floated in a kiddie pool behind her. "Through the lens, we can see that it looks like a plant. The two sides both have the shape of mushroom heads," she explained. "Above, it has something that looks like lips, and the other side has a small hole that goes through to the other side. Even the village elder, who is above 80 years old, has not seen such a plant before." In a nutshell, the 'shroom looked like a gently used pocket pussy.

Yunfeng Ye went on to explain that the meaty specimen was believed to be a subspecies of the rare lingzhi mushroom, which has been used medicinally in China for more than 2,000 years, and is known as the "mushroom of immortality."

Unsurprisingly, when the piece aired, many viewers who recognized the mystical mushroom as something they kept next to their condoms and lube called the station, which then offered an online apology, stating, "As our reporter was still very young and unwise to the ways of the world, this report has brought great inconvenience to everyone." Great. But can someone please address the great unsolved mystery here—how did a sex toy end up in a well shaft in the first place?




Signs Point to Yes

By Amos Moses

Streetwalkers in Auckland, New Zealand, have bent, broken, or otherwise trashed more than 40 signposts while using them as dancing poles to attract customers. This might be a sign of the kind of competition there is for business out there, or a manifestation of the growing popularity of pole dancing as art and exercise. Or it might just be a public nuisance.

New Zealand legalized prostitution in 2003. But now some areas are being overrun with streetwalkers, and residents are organizing to take back their neighborhoods. "Some of these prostitutes are big, strong people," says Donna Lee, a city councilwoman for the Otara-Papatoetoe Local Board in Auckland. Some are also transvestites, which might give them a pound-for-pound advantage over the average street sign. A report that details the street-sign destruction recounts how one transvestite slammed a shopping cart into a woman's car before jumping up on the hood, another changed her dress in full view of a school bus full of children, and a third pulled a knife on a customer of a beleaguered local business.

Now you know how to pass the time after taking in the scenery from the *Lord of the Rings* films. Stop by Hunter's Corner (known as "Hooker's Corner") and watch some decidedly non-Hobbit-size girls swing around on what's left of the street signs. But before you negotiate the terms of your brief and torrid assignation, check the Adam's apple and hands to ensure she's a woman. Then seal the deal in your car and drive off, remembering to stay on the wrong side of the road in the great imperial tradition. And use your GPS, as the signs won't necessarily be pointed in the right direction. 





FINDING WARMTH IN ELY

During the past decade, more than 2.5 million service members have deployed in support of conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan. A growing number of organizations are helping them transition back to civilian life.
By Amy Stevens

Crack! The ice began to give way under the half-ton dogsled. I glimpsed black water below. "Let's go!" I said to the dogs. They lunged against the harnesses, and we moved again. It wasn't enough. The sled shifted and the back end creaked, settling deeper into the growing darkness. My heavy boots slipped on the runners, and I felt panic rush through me. One misstep and I would be plunged into the freezing water below. In a split-second decision, Joe hurled his sizable frame away from the sled to lighten the load. The dogs strained again, and we shot forward.

The dogs and I were safe, but where was Joe? I glanced back and spotted him sprinting along a disinte-

grating ice shelf. In one giant leap, he crossed from the weak crust along the bank to the creek's stronger center. We glanced at each other, wide-eyed, then grinned. *This* was living.

That close call in Ely, Minnesota, was just one of many memorable moments during an eight-day Outward Bound dogsledding expedition for veterans in February 2012. The remote Boundary Waters region provided a perfect setting for the rigorous physical and mental challenges that united our group of six veterans and two instructors. Together, we learned and practiced new survival skills, battled freezing temperatures, and discovered individual strengths.

For many combat veterans, the transition home is the most difficult adjustment they will ever have to make.

Matt Colvin, a strategic-partnership associate for Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America (IAVA) and a U.S. Air Force veteran with two deployments to Afghanistan under his belt, suggests that the transition from military to civilian life is more challenging than the transition from civilian life into the military. "The things we have been asked to do and the things we have seen will be with us forever," he says. An ever-expanding network of organizations (see sidebar) provides an invaluable resource for veterans who are struggling to find community in their new lives. "These programs require teamwork," says Colvin. "They require and foster leadership and bonding under common circumstances. They're the perfect reintegration tool for veterans."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FEET, DOGS, SLEEPING BAGS, TWO PEOPLE, DOG HOUSES, AND CABIN: LYDIA DAVEY (PERSON WITH AX, COOKING FIRE) LARRY MISHKAR

"In the deployment area," Colvin continues, "military members are always on heightened alert. Hypervigilance becomes the norm, and once we return home it's hard to break what has become habit. The rules that applied in the combat zone are no longer necessary, but we carry them with us. These programs really provide a safety net for veterans who are struggling. We connect them with others who have literally been in the same trenches, kicking in the same doors. Providing that commonality and sense of understanding is the start. Then we push for deeper involvement and introduce them to resources for getting help."

Outward Bound participant Nick Coleman, an Army vet who deployed to Iraq in 2005, found value in the expedition. "I was looking forward to the camaraderie, and to bonding with other veterans through a trying experience," he says. "Before the trip I felt kind of purposeless, but my time out in the wilderness—in the quiet and the still—made me contemplate my life in a new way. I started questioning what I was really doing with my life, and what I was capable of."

After returning home from Iraq, Coleman, like many veterans, found substance abuse a way to cope with the stress of reintegration. As the years passed, he found himself frustrated by poor job prospects and was looking for a change. Since his Outward Bound experience, he's launched a new career in comedy. He's stayed busy performing, taking workshops, and connecting with other comedians socially. "The Outward Bound trip really inspired that

change," Coleman says. "It helped me see what was important in life. I was inspired by the fact that I got out there and did stuff that's terrifying. I had some anxiety about the trip—I didn't know how I would handle the cold or what our instructors would be like. You don't know what's going to happen, but you finish it and you're proud of it."

Since 2008, Outward Bound has led more than 2,500 vets through its seasonal wilderness courses, according to Chad Spangler, Outward Bound Director of Veterans Programs. From sailing in the Florida Keys to dogsledding in Minnesota to mountaineering in Colorado, vets and instructors work together to discover new purpose. "The overarching goal of our courses for veterans is to focus on the idea of transition," says Spangler. "Many veterans experienced courage, brotherhood, and a real sense of power and competence while in combat. Outward Bound gives veterans and service members the opportunity to re-experience these strengths in themselves in a different context."

It's also worth noting that Outward Bound team leaders exemplify the core values of compassion, integrity, and excellence in their interactions with one another, the veterans, and, in our case, the sled dogs. They use calm voices and practice a gentle courtesy that is catching. "I expected some really gung-ho guys to be leading us," says Coleman. "Instead we got two really awesome, patient people. They led by example, and gave us comfort, care, and guidance." Coleman said he learned a valuable lesson from the

dynamics between leaders and students. "When you're leading, there's a way to do it where you don't have to yell and get everyone's blood boiling," he says. "It doesn't have to be an emergency situation every time. After that, I know that you can comfort and guide more than push, shove, and shout."

IAVA's Colvin says this type of lesson is exactly what veterans need to learn, because it helps them relate to civilian coworkers and family members. "I believe that these types of programs work well, because by getting outside and interacting with other vets and civilians, we tend to let down our walls a little more easily and possibly open up," Colvin tells us. "It's therapy without calling it 'therapy.'"

Outward Bound's Spangler agrees: "Wilderness activities are used as metaphors for daily-life experiences in the pursuit of individual and group excellence. [These activities] illuminate how the support and collaboration needed to meet Outward Bound goals can positively impact participants' interactions with others at home."

The night we returned from our intense week in the wild, all six veterans on my team bunked down in a small cabin. Accommodations were sparse, but our bellies were full of hot chow, our minds full of fresh adventure. A small heater struggled to warm the room, but the chill didn't matter; our hearts were glowing warm.

The author served as a combat correspondent in the Marine Corps from 2003 to 2010. Her service included a deployment to Afghanistan.

Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America

IAVA.org

IAVA seeks to connect veterans of the war on terror with one another, and to link them to health, employment, and community resources. It also advocates for awareness of veterans' issues and lobbies for positive policy change. IAVA is the largest nonprofit of its kind, with nearly a quarter of a million members.

HELPING HANDS

These organizations, among others, are dedicated to helping members of the armed forces transition back to civilian life.

Outward Bound

OutwardBound.org/veteran-adventures

Outward Bound for Veterans offers wilderness-adventure programs for returning service members, like the one in which this author participated. Veterans who have deployed are eligible for full-ride scholarships for trips that include rafting in Utah, sailing in Florida, dogsledding in Minnesota, and skiing in Colorado.

Horses for Heroes

HorsesForHeroes.org

The organization's Cowboy Up! program caters to veterans who have sustained physical injuries or combat trauma (PTSD) during the recent conflicts. The program emphasizes horsemanship, wellness, and camaraderie for its Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation Enduring Freedom (Afghanistan) veteran beneficiaries. Veterans care for the horses they ride, and participate in other ranch activities (like working cattle), with cowboys who are themselves veterans.

Team Rubicon

TeamRubiconUSA.org

This rapid-response disaster-relief organization, comprised of veteran volunteers and medical personnel, takes advantage of the fact that the skills learned on the battlefield—particularly emergency medical treatment and risk assessment and mitigation—are needed desperately in disaster zones. Its intention is to offer vets a new sense of purpose and mission through leadership opportunities and real-world challenges.

Sierra Club

SierraClub.org/military

The Military Family and Veterans Initiative provides leadership training and discounted programs for service members and their families. It hopes to connect vets with the healing powers of the homeland they defended, and raise awareness of the challenges vets and their families face. According to the Sierra Club website, the armed forces share its "deep commitment to the ideals that make our nation great: democracy and civic engagement."

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branching out

Alyssa Branch claims she was “a tomboy bully” back in high school, and if that’s true, then we’re thrilled with the new path she’s on. We think her chosen career as an erotic model and actress is a much better way for the 21-year-old beauty from Detroit to make an impression on others.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



"If I could relive any moment in my life, I'd go back to the first time I had sex. Now that I know so much more, it would be tons better!"





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"My favorite fantasy is sex while skydiving with two other couples. The skydiving part might not be doable, but I love the idea of an orgy."



"The number-one thing that gets me excited is a hard penis, 'cause I'm always up for a great round of hard dicks and wet lips. Sorry, ladies."









"My most remarkable sexual experience? I haven't had one yet that I'd describe as 'remarkable.' Maybe somebody who's reading this wants to help me get there?"

SEE MORE OF ALYSSA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Bootylicious

We get an astounding number of questions about how to prep for anal sex, never mind how to get the woman in your life into it, so we pulled advice from all our resident experts. Learn how you can be her backdoor man.

Ryan Keely, “Dirty Details” columnist for *Penthouse Forum* magazine and 2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, offers these tips.

■ **I’m planning to have anal sex for the first time, and I’ve read about some desensitizing creams that sound helpful. Some websites say to use them so it doesn’t hurt as much, but others warn against them. Where do you stand?**

Desensitizing creams don’t do much more than reinforce the idea that anal sex is painful. Anal sex is only painful if you’re doing it wrong, and if you’re doing it wrong the mild anesthetic in a cream is only going to slightly mask the pain.

I like that you’re planning to try anal sex and thinking about the process. That shows that you’re way ahead of the people who just try to take it in their butt while drunk. Those are the people who have terrible anal experiences and perpetuate the myth that all anal sex hurts.

Anal sex is a process, and certain steps need to be followed to make it the amazing, enjoyable experience it can be. The first thing we need to talk about is cleanliness. If you have good digestive health, meaning you have regular, firm bowel movements, prep for anal is a lot easier. You can have your solid movement and a few hours later jump into the shower and wash your butt with a gentle soap, maybe inserting a soapy finger to make sure you are nice and clean.

If you want to be extra sure you’re clean, you can give yourself an enema. I like to buy the Fleet brand enemas at the drugstore and

empty out the saline solution that comes in them (it’s designed to make you poop), rinse thoroughly, and fill it with plain warm water. Cold water will make you cramp. Flush your butt a few times—but no more than five—to rinse out any extra material that may be camping out in the colon. As much as you try to be clean, the human body is only human, and some fecal material may show up. Keep baby wipes handy for a quick cleanup. Just wipe down and move on.

Before you go as far as getting fucked in the butt, I recommend playing with fingers, toys, and lots of lube to get you used to that singular sensation. I would start with putting fingers, tongues, and small toys (with a good lube) in your anus first. It’s good to warm up your butt and get it used to penetration. I highly recommend wearing a butt plug while being fucked vaginally, and then maybe attempting anal with your partner.

After he enters you slowly (using lube—notice a theme?), he needs to hold very still inside you for at least a minute while you breathe and adjust to the crazy intense feeling of having him in your butt. Then you can start moving on him and set the pace for your butt-sex adventure.

There is so much more advice I would like to give you about anal, but you can read what I think is the best book on the subject, *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*, by Tristan Taormino, available at

PenthouseStore.com.

And don’t use that desensitizing cream. It’s crap.

■ **During sex the other night, the guy I’m seeing begged me to shove a finger up his ass. I did it, but afterward I felt weird about it. Do a lot of straight guys like anal stimulation? Do you think he could be gay?**



The rectal region in both men and women has a large concentration of nerve endings that send pleasure signals to the brain. Men also have a prostate gland, frequently referred to as the “male G spot” because of its pleasure-creating ability. Many men, re-

gardless of their sexuality, enjoy anal play. Because of the similarity between the G spot and the prostate, I must ask you to consider this: Before you judge this guy, would you give up penetrative sex if it was considered mildly taboo? I don’t think you would. If something feels great in the bedroom and it’s happening between consenting adults, there is no reason to avoid that act because of potential misconception.

I don’t think your sexual partner is gay. You’re a female, and he wanted a female to put a finger in his butt during heterosexual intercourse. That’s about as not-gay as it gets.

If you are uncomfortable with putting your finger up there, try it while wearing medical gloves and using lube. The gloves will protect you from bacteria, and the lube will protect his rectum from friction-induced fissures. While you should always wash your hands after sex, when incorporating anal play, an antibacterial hand soap is highly recommended.

■ **My boyfriend and I like to take turns buying a sex toy we can share the next time we’re together. This time, he bought me a butt plug. I’ve never had anal sex, or used any sort of toys in my backdoor. I’m willing to give almost anything a try, but I don’t know how to start. Do you have any tips for an anal virgin?**

Low lights and baby wipes are step one when attempting any sex act

that could get messy. Turn off the overhead lights and stock your bedside table with candles and a big tub of baby wipes. Get the nice ones. It’s a difference of a few dollars, but if you have a little mess, the better brands have quick-access lids. I would also get some silicone-based lube, which you can find in many drugstores and almost all sex shops.

If you’re planning on just using the butt plug, you can have him insert it during sex after he “warms up” your butt by using his tongue or massaging with his lubed-up fingers. After your butt is feeling relaxed and excited, he can massage a quarter-size drop of silicone lube on your sphincter and slowly insert the toy. I can tell my asshole is excited and ready to have things inside when it starts “winking,” meaning the muscles flex in response to stimulation. As he slowly inserts the toy, try bearing down on it with your butt muscles as if you’re trying to push it out. It sounds counterintuitive, but it’ll actually help you relax and receive the toy.

For your first night with something in your butt, I recommend just enjoying the full feeling of having your ass plugged while your boyfriend stimulates your pussy with his mouth, fingers, or cock. Even the tiniest butt plug can cause intense sensations, and it’s worth savoring those feelings before you explore more advanced anal play.

■ **From Dave Navarro, "Nothing's Shocking" columnist and rock star**

Why do men find anal sex more arousing than vaginal? I like both, but men just gotta get that ass!

To begin with, I'm not so sure that's true. But there is a whole level of psychological stimulus at play with anal that doesn't exist with vaginal. Some find it to be a power trip, others enjoy the physical sensation, while still others just like the fact that it is "dirty" and "wrong." (By wrong, I mean on a reproductive level, not on a moral level.) Personally, I don't judge or give a fuck what people do.

I'm not certain of this, but humans may be one of the only animals to have discovered the hidden sexual gem of anal sex. Maybe apes ...

who knows? Anyway, some people find it arousing, others don't. It's certainly not the most romantic thing in the world. It's hard to imagine an anal scene in *The Notebook*.

As for me? I can take it or leave it. However, when I do indulge, I make sure my partner is aware of all the prep work. Nothing romantic or arousing about a mess. Anal Tip of the Day for Beginners: hotel room.

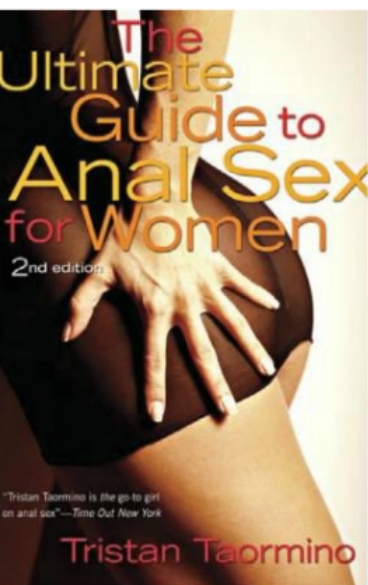
■ **How do I let my current boyfriend know that I like anal sex without freaking him out, or making him think I'm a weirdo?**

Eeewww! What the fuck is the matter with you? Just kidding!

Although I don't care for the idea myself, I don't think it's weird at all. But if you think he may have

an adverse reaction, don't approach the subject during sex. That could open up a can of worms that can't be closed, and at a very awkward time. Bring it up in a conversation and suggest the idea as experimentation and something new and fun for the two of you. There's no need to bask in stories of how much you've enjoyed it in the past with other lovers. That could be off-putting to any man.

The issue here isn't the subject of anal. You realize that, don't you? The issue is, you're worried that who you are and what you want will be looked upon as weird or freakish. These types of things should be totally safe to talk about, and are acceptable subjects between intimate lovers. You may want to think about that.



DOUBLE EXPOSURE

I've been married for almost ten years, and my wife and I have three beautiful children. I still enjoy making love to her, although her vagina has definitely become a lot looser following childbirth. Perhaps that's one of the reasons why lately I have become obsessed with fucking her in the ass. After much begging and pleading, she usually gives in to my request, but she never seems to be really into it. She tells me that the fact that I am uncircumcised makes anal sex difficult for her. Is that true, or just an excuse? She also complains that she gets diarrhea after I come inside her ass. How can I make her enjoy anal sex?

■ Martin Downs, M.P.H.;
"Sex Ed." columnist
What would it take for you to enjoy having your ass fucked? Think about it. You can't make someone enjoy something unless what you mean by "enjoy" is "put up with," which seems to be the case.

First, your uncircumcised penis isn't the problem. The problem is that your wife doesn't want to be fucked in the ass, but apparently her only choices are letting you have your way or listening to you whine. If you badger her into submission, of course she is unlikely to enjoy it.

If you're ready to stop being a knucklehead and to try to be a decent lover, start by reading up on anal sex. The two must-have manuals are Dr. Jack Morin's *Anal Pleasure & Health* and Tristan Taormino's *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*. One of the many important things you'll learn from these authors is what's now considered the golden rule of anal sex: It should never hurt. Pain means something is wrong and is possibly causing harm.

Another key is using lots of good, water-based sex lube made specifically for that purpose (not spit, suntan lotion, or whatever else happens to be handy). However, even with

copious lubrication, it still feels bad to stick something up your butt if you don't really want it there. The muscles of your anal sphincter must be coaxed to relax in order to allow penetration. For that to happen, you have to feel safe, at ease, and completely willing. Don't try to use booze or drugs as a shortcut, because they're apt to cloud judgment and obscure pain, increasing the risk of injury. Desensitizing creams or lubes are also strongly discouraged for the same reason.

Before doing it with a partner, it's a good idea to get comfortable with anal penetration through solo exploration, using fingers or dildos of different sizes. Always proceed slowly, and never force anything. Whether it's as slender as a pinky finger or as fat as a soup can, it should slip in effortlessly.

Keep this in mind: The more a woman learns to expect discomfort when a cock comes knocking at her back-

door, the more her asshole will tense up. A person's anus is capable of holding grudges when treated rudely. It would be a shame to permanently sour a woman on anal eroticism if she can find a way to enjoy it. There's no guarantee that she will, but with a little anal sex education and some sensitivity on your part, she just might turn out to be a bigger ass freak than you are.

■ Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.;

sexpert and 2003 Pet of the Year

Make sure you use a ton of lubricant and finger her anus to relax her before attempting penile insertion. You can use anal probes or beads to help loosen her anal sphincter. (Warning: Shameless self-promotional plug ahead.) You'll find a great selection of them at PenthouseStore.com.

Your being uncircumcised should not hinder anal penetration. In fact, an uncircumcised penis usually has more natural lubrication than its circumcised counterpart. In terms of her complaining of diarrhea following anal sex, that is quite

possible—your ejaculate can be an enema of sorts. Try coming on her butt instead of inside it.

Most important, try to change her negative attitude toward anal sex by renting hot anal pornos where a woman actually enjoys it. Or, if she's not into watching porn, try erotica: Toni Bentley's memoir *The Surrender* is an ode to the joy of giving up her ass for the pure enjoyment of her lover.

As a woman, I have to add, I hope you're not bitching to your wife that her vaginal canal is less tight than before. If she interprets those comments as part of your attempt to fuck her ass, she might not be aware that it's a real issue. When you tell her that you're going to take some time to educate yourself about anal pleasure, also gently encourage her to perform Kegel exercises, which can help tighten and strengthen her vaginal muscles so she can get a better grip. Try getting her a toy that's used for Kegeling and help her "work out." That should help you regain some of your former interest in her pussy.

Greg, husband of an anal-sex enthusiast and "Forum" letter writer, sent in "Butt-Fucking 101"

Before her unit was deployed again, Ivy invited my wife out for drinks. After they got settled, Ivy blurted out, "I found out you and Greg are swingers."

Sue told me that she was ready to bolt at that point, and Ivy must have realized it, because she grabbed Sue's hand and babbled an apology that turned into a plea for us to help out her husband while she was overseas. She said her last deployment was really hard on their marriage because one of their neighbors tried hard, and almost successfully, to get Steve into bed one night when he was drunk. Ivy said she would rather help him find a partner to deal with his sexual frustration.

Sue got over her shock and said she would have to talk to me about it, but she was open to the idea. Then she cautioned Ivy, "There is one thing you need to know, though. As far as Greg is concerned, my pussy is off limits to other men. When we're with other couples, I only have oral or anal sex."

Sue said Ivy actually paled at that, thought for a minute, then said, "You like anal sex?"

"Honey, I love anal sex!" Sue responded. "If a guy knows what he's doing, it's the best feeling in the world."

Sue thought Ivy seemed intrigued, and realized she was right when Ivy said, "Steve has been asking me to try it for pretty much as long as we've been together. He's never done it, but I tried it once

and it was really painful. And Steve is a couple of inches bigger and a lot wider than that guy. I'm terrified by the idea."

"Well, then," Sue said, "Greg and I have a mission objective of our own. We'll give Steve lessons in how to get you ready for anal play. By the time you come home, he'll be able to drive you absolutely crazy until you're begging for his cock balls-deep in your ass."

Ivy was skeptical about that, but the

back to him and started rubbing her ass against his crotch. His nerves disappeared in a flash, and he grabbed her cheeks in both hands. Sue stopped dancing and bent at the waist, putting her hands on her ankles, and invited Steve to lick her ass.

Steve licked, sucked, and spanked Sue's ass for quite a while, completely enjoying the experience, then dove in and rimmed her asshole till she was frantic with need. I carried her to the

to keep her relaxed. She asked him for the bullet vibrator and demonstrated how she likes to stimulate her clit with it while she gets her ass filled, then told me to show him how to twist the plug and fuck her with it. She came almost immediately with a scream, and Steve was amazed.

We followed that with a second and third plug, in increasing sizes, till Sue was asking for the big one, which is thicker than my dick.



four of us got together the next night to lay all our cards on the table. Within an hour everyone was on board for our unconventional arrangement.

Last night was the first time the three of us got together, and it was so much better than any of us expected it to be. Steve was nervous when he first came over, so we had a beer and talked. Then, while we were still in the living room, Sue took off her dress to reveal her very sexy corset and G-string. She stood in front of Steve with her

bedroom and Sue bent over on the bed, ass up and head and shoulders down. She had all her butt plugs and toys on the nightstand, and I showed Steve how to lube up the smallest plug and put it into Sue's asshole.

All the while, Sue was talking to Steve, telling him that he should tell Ivy how hot it made him to see her like this, how tight her ass felt, how much it was turning him on, how hard his dick was. Then she told him that the secret to easing Ivy into anal play was

Steve couldn't believe she could take it, but Sue had another orgasm before we even got it in all the way. Once her ass was full, she pleaded with me to fuck her cunt. She loves getting double-fucked like that, so I wasn't surprised, but Steve was disappointed—till she told him to lie down in front of her so she could suck his dick.

After Steve and I both came, I showed him how to remove the big plug, and Sue talked him through massaging more lube into her

opening to ease any discomfort. She told him she didn't need that anymore, but that Ivy might the first time.

When Sue told Steve to fuck her backdoor, he was instantly hard as a rock again. I sat and watched so Sue could continue her lesson, and she gave him the rundown on how he should ease himself in with short thrusts, going slightly deeper each time till he was balls-deep, then stop for a minute or two and hold still while Ivy got accustomed to a dick in her ass. Once Ivy relaxed, and Sue demonstrated what it would feel like, she told him to go for it.

Steve fucked Sue's ass hard and fast, and—not surprising—didn't last long. He pulled out after and watched his come flow out of her backdoor, then laughed and said he couldn't wait to try that again. Sue turned around and kissed him, laughing too, and said, "Well, I can't wait to have that giant cock in my ass again, so let's relax for a while and move on to lesson two."

Lesson two involved Steve kneeling on the floor with his ass on his feet and Sue in the same position above him, riding his cock while she sucked mine. This time Steve lasted longer, shooting his come across Sue's back long after I'd shot all over her tits. Before we called it quits for the night, we sent an email to Ivy, telling her we'd met our first mission objective. We also enclosed a photo of the set of butt plugs Sue bought her. This morning we got back a heartfelt thank you.—*G.M., New Jersey*



BOOTY CALL OF DUTY

Our June 1993 Pet of the Month, Sam Phillips, host of *The Single Life* internet radio show, shares her story.

Each instance caused me to burst into tears, so I was sure I knew what I was in store for with Mike. That's why I started practicing on my own by using a trainer and a butt plug when I masturbated—which I must admit is pretty fucking hot. It was also the best way to prepare my booty for its inevitable invasion. Some girls are partial to the anal arts, but then there are the ones like me who have a love/hate relationship with having things inserted in their ass. Don't get me wrong, fingers and a tongue are sexy and fun, but if it's something of a substantial size, in my experience that shit hurt and made me feel like I needed to take a massive dump, even the next day. Like all acquired tastes, mixing pleasure with pain takes some getting used to.

If your woman isn't ass-friendly by nature, getting her to warm to the thought of taking your shaft up her behind will require a little preparation and finesse. You'll score major brownie points with your lady if you put effort into creating a romantic and stress-free setting. Bring her flowers, because that's the right thing to do,

regardless. Candles are a great way to set the mood, and the lighting. Prepare her favorite drink, as it'll help loosen her up if she's nervous or tense, but don't let her drink too much. Make sure you have lots of lube on standby, since her rectum doesn't manufacture its own moisture. Keep baby wipes handy for cleanup. You can also lay down a few dark towels to absorb any spillage. Queue up a little Marvin Gaye on the iPod, or whatever type of music that gets her juices flowing. Because here's the deal, fellas: For a woman to be comfortable enough to relinquish control and let you dominate her derriere, she needs to feel completely safe and appreciated.

There are a few things you should check off the list prior to your sex session. I advise that she clean out her backside with an enema one to two hours before doing the deed, and refrain from eating during that time, as it could upset her stomach or give her gas. Make sure to buy a gel lubricant designed for anal play that contains no benzocaine or other types of numbing agents. It's dangerous if neither one of you can feel if she's being injured, and those products will numb all body parts they come

into contact with, including your dick.

Picking the right position is really important for the beginner. If she's taking the plunge for the first time, my advice is to try missionary with her knees pulled up toward her ears, or you both on your sides in a spooning position. Her anus is the most relaxed and accessible in these two poses, and it's easy to play with her pussy at the same time. They also both offer your partner the ability to be in control of the entry, depth, and pace of your lovemaking.

You should never, ever stop with the foreplay during anal intercourse. If you stimulate her other erogenous zones, it will counterbalance any discomfort from your penis in her buttocks. There are two sets of sphincter muscles you need to penetrate, the outer and the inner, before you are inside the canal. Take your time breaching both, and don't rush to enter her. Reassure her that you'll do whatever it takes, for as long as she needs, to get her to loosen up, relax, and feel comfortable. And last, *never ever* double dip, or go from ass-to-vagina, with your tongue, fingers, toys, or cock. Bacteria and diseases can be transferred from one orifice to another.

Class dismissed. Have fun and be safe out there.

■ Every guy I've ever gone out with has been obsessed with trying to fuck my perfect little pucker. Unfortunately for them, I have maintained an exit-only backdoor policy and a bratty attitude toward being on the receiving end of impatient prodding, poor form, and clumsy stabs at execution. My standard response has always been, "If that's what you're into, cool. But first, let me shove a huge dildo in your ass."

Then you can stick your big dick in mine." (I told you I was a brat.) But I'm done playing games because I'm dating the man of my dreams, and I want to do the things that make him happy, like anal sex.

My guy, Mike, has a ginormous cock, though, and this is a big problem for my anus. I've had only two boyfriends who could fit the head of their hard-on inside my tight asshole (not at the same time, of course).

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED

Anal sex is the final frontier of sex for many women. The right toys can help you help her get ready to take that step—and to love it.

By Jennifer Peters



■ Stock Up on the Basics

When it comes to anal sex, the most important rule is to keep things safe and clean. But you don't have to be boring about it. A shower is ideal, unless the mood strikes when you're already in flagrante. All-natural **Swipes Lovin Wipes** will get you and your lover squeaky-clean before and after, making her feel fresh prior to sex, and removing all remnants of lube afterward.

That brings us to keeping things safe, which comes down to lots of lube. If you're with a serious partner and feel safe having sex sans condoms, try Doc Johnson's **Anal Lube**. The aptly named product is thick and petroleum-based, so it provides plenty of slip and slide no matter how rough you get. The downside is, the petroleum will break down the latex in a condom. Not into bareback sex? Sliquid's **Sassy** is a great water-based lubricant. You can safely use it with a condom, and just a few drops will go a long way.



■ Be Sure to Stretch

Before you bang her backdoor, you should get her warmed up so she can accommodate your dick. Fingering is the best way to get things going, but slim anal toys also do the trick. **Bottoms Up Finger Rimmers** are the smallest anal-pleasure products you'll find, so they're great for someone who's never been penetrated back there. The ultra-slimmer rubber rimmers attach to your finger and allow you to control the depth and pressure used.

Once she's comfortable with a finger or finger-size toy, move on to slightly bigger products. Fun Factory's **Flexi Felix** is the most unimposing set of anal beads on the market. The smiling face acts as an easy-grip handle, and the beads are elliptical in shape, for easy entry and removal. The beads are graduated sizes, allowing you to gently and conveniently increase how much she can handle.

Joanna Angel's **Butt Fuck Anal Training Kit** includes three butt plugs in graduated sizes that stretch her backdoor and get her ready for taking a cock. The plugs' flared bases make them safe, and hooked tails allow for easy removal. The kit comes with instructions for using the plugs for optimal ass-stretching, so you'll have a little extra help from an expert.

Doc Johnson's **Non-Skid Butt Plug** is a thin rubber plug with a textured exterior that helps hold it in, even when it's coated with lube. It's great for long-term wear, giving her the opportunity to be prepped all day or night for your larger offering.

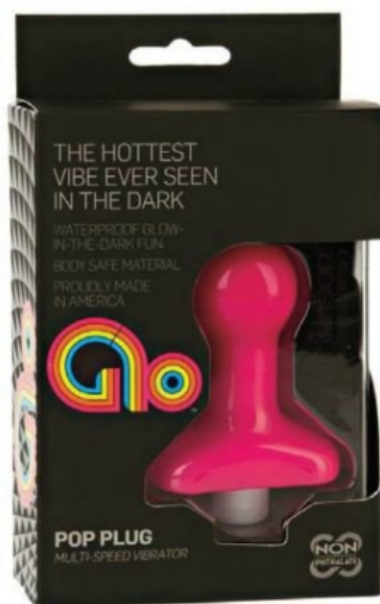


■ Let Her Reap Some Tangible Rewards

Once she's primed for anal sex, she can take more than your dick. There are a slew of butt toys for experienced players, and each and every one is great for solo or partnered play.

Everyone knows women love things that sparkle and shine, so she'll adore the handmade butt plugs from **Crystal Delights**. Each is made from strong Pyrex glass and topped with a genuine Swarovski crystal.

Toys from Metal Worx, like the **Teazer** and **Mr. Smooth**, are great for experienced anal players. The stylish, high-quality-steel probes have a 1.25-inch girth, making them perfect for someone who's comfortable with backdoor penetration but isn't yet ready for a truly large toy.



■ Give Her Good Vibrations

Butt plugs offer more than backdoor-training opportunities, though. **Glo Anal Plugs** are bright-colored, tapered plugs that come loaded with a seven-function vibrator that will have your girl glowing in ecstasy in no time.

Anal vibrators can be just as much fun as butt plugs. **Ass-Berries**, fun, fruit-shaped vibes, have only one speed, but they're plenty powerful. The long, slender Raspberry is ideal for new anal players, while the round, stocky **Blackberry** will bring pleasure to anyone willing to stretch themselves a bit further.



■ For Advanced Players

After enough practice, you and your partner can progress to more advanced anal games.

The Luv Plug from Metal Worx is one of the coolest plugs on the market, and one that we think is best saved for the truly experienced—which by now you are. The curved steel plug has a knobby head and is angled to hit a woman's anal hot spot, ensuring a strong orgasm.

Crystal Minx Tails, which are made from real fur, may be the most luxurious anal toys you'll ever find. The soft fur is a great contrast to the hard glass, and the combination of sensations will have her crying out for more.

The **Ménage à Trois Strap-on Harness** by Sportsheets allows you to have a threesome without a third person. Once you're strapped in, do her doggie-style, penetrating her pussy with your dick and her ass with the dildo, or go at it missionary, using the dildo on her pussy while you take her ass. It's the best of both worlds for her, without any danger of crossing swords for you. 





playing around

When Ashley and Ariel settle in for an evening of adult fun and games, they bring the toys ... and the honey. Lucky for us, we're all invited to the passionate playdate.

Photographs by Davide Esposito























SEE MORE OF ASHLEY AND ARIEL AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

Slick Six

Masturbation Creams Reviewed

Whenever a guy says he doesn't really enjoy jacking off, we have to wonder what he's using for lube—or if he uses lube at all. Until very recently, most men have had to make do with whatever slippery stuff was at hand. Skin lotion, petroleum jelly, massage oil, makeup remover, and straight-up spit have long been our old standbys. If you were a proactive masturbator, you might have sought out multipurpose, water- or silicone-based sex lubes for pleasuring yourself. There are many such lubes to choose from, and many of them are excellent for shining your shaft. But now more and more companies are coming out with products made especially for male masturbation. There are so many brands of “masturbation cream” for men that it has become a product category unto itself, separate from the slippery stuff intended for use with sex toys, vaginas, and bum holes.

In this month's column, we review a sample of masturbation creams now on the market. It is by no means an exhaustive list, but we tried to represent the most prominent and widely available brands, as well as some that are lesser known.

There are a couple of important caveats to keep in mind. Most of these products are oil-based, which means they are not safe to use with latex condoms. They can destroy latex and could cause a latex condom to fail. Only water- and silicone-based lubricants should be used with latex condoms. Also, we do not recommend using them for anal or vaginal sex. They are intended for external use, and we take the manufacturers' statements about their safety for that use at face value. We can't say if all of the ingredients in these products would be okay

for a person to put up his or her ass or pussy.

It's important to note that men have different masturbation styles. Some prefer to pump vigorously with a viselike grip, while others prefer a feather-light touch. The same guy might have different styles, whether he's cracking one off in a rush or luxuriating in a nice long wank.

It's also worth noting that masturbation lube tends to be more useful to men who are circumcised. The foreskin provides natural lubrication, and many uncut guys say they don't need extra lube when they masturbate.

We tested each of these creams several times, over several days. Each one was tested separately on a different day. We didn't test them one after another because we didn't want residue of one to affect the results of others used after it. The tests were done indoors, at room temperature, and on dry skin.

In the first test, we used it as intended, for real. That is, we masturbated to orgasm with it. This was later repeated at least once.

Other tests involved simulated conditions. To test ease of cleanup, we slathered a copious amount of the product on our palms and rubbed them together till our hands were coated. Then we rinsed them under warm running water, and dried them with a towel. All six creams left only a light oily residue after rinsing. The residue was no more greasy-feeling than that of a typical hand lotion. All of the creams washed off completely with plain dish soap and warm water.

We know that you might not always drop your drawers around your ankles to jack off, but you can't go around wearing pants with grease stains, so we tested the creams' potential to stain by rubbing a fat dollop of each one on the leg of some old khakis. Then we put the pants through one wash cycle with warm water and regular laundry detergent. All of them left a faint stain. Other fabrics might show stains even more, so bear that in mind when you use them.

These days there are loads of lubes specifically designed for shining your shaft.

Here's how we rated the products

OVERALL RATING: This is our overall opinion of the product.

★★★★ **Excellent**—would take own hand in marriage.

★★★ **Very good**—would recommend to friends and neighbors.

★★ **Okay**—would use again, after the better stuff has run out.

★ **Dislike**—would prefer a dry palm to this.

THICKNESS: The viscosity of the cream right out of the tube or jar. Rated on a scale of 4 to 1 (thicker) ★★★★★, ★★★, ★★, ★ (thinner).

SLICKNESS: Slicker is quicker: You can use a faster stroke with a slicker cream. Slickness doesn't always match thickness, because some products get slicker with body heat and friction. Rated on a scale of 4 to 1 (slicker) ★★★★★, ★★★, ★★, ★ (less slick).

ENDURANCE: How long the product keeps its desired texture before you'd want to apply more. Creams can thin out or get sticky as they absorb into your skin and spread out. The products are rated up to four minutes. A cream that didn't need to be reapplied after four minutes of continuous stroking would get the highest rating. Rated on a scale of 4 to 1 (longer) ★★★★★, ★★★, ★★, ★ (shorter).



Crème Masturbation Cream for Men (Wicked Sensual Care)

Overall rating: ★★★

Thickness: ★★

Slickness: ★★★

Endurance: ★★★

Scent: Unscented, practically odorless

Base ingredient: Coconut oil

Price: \$14 average, 4-ounce tube

Wicked's cream has a smooth, balanced feel and it holds up well to extended stroking. We didn't attempt to test the upper limits of its endurance, but the texture stayed consistent for as long as our horny reviewer could last. The cream comes in a black tube designed like many other men's personal-care products. In fact, we mistook it for our shaving cream more than once. You have to look closely to see that it's labeled "masturbation cream," so it might escape the notice of a casual medicine-chest snooper—if you're worried about that kind of thing.



Elbow Grease Original Cream (B. Cumming Corporation)

Overall rating: ★★★

Thickness: ★★

Slickness: ★★★

Endurance: ★★★★★

Scent: Unscented, subtle lotionlike odor

Base ingredient: Mineral oil

Price: \$12 average, 4-ounce jar

Elbow Grease is the Old Spice of masturbation creams. It has been on the market since 1979—way before masturbation was cool. The fact that it's around today has to be due to the loyalty of discerning masturbators, and not just marketing savvy. We found that it lives up to its reputation. It feels great and lasts as long as you'd like. You can buy big tubs of it, because, having a mineral-oil base, it won't go rancid. But a little goes a long way. For an average-size guy, it doesn't take a fistful to do the job.



Gun Oil Stroke 29 Masturbation Cream (Empowered Products)

Overall rating: ★★★★★

Thickness: ★★★★★

Slickness: ★★★★★

Endurance: ★★★★★

Scent: Unscented, subtle lotionlike odor

Base ingredient: Sweet almond oil

Price: \$12 average, 3.3-ounce tube

The manufacturer claims that Stroke 29's special quality kicks in "around the 29th stroke," and that's about right. The first few strokes are unpromising, and (like the first time you got high) you wonder if it'll really work. Then suddenly, you'll be like, "Damn! This shit feels awesome on my dick!" A standard-size tube of Stroke 29 will last quite a while, even for an avid masturbator. But it will eventually run out, and you'll have to get more, because you'd miss it otherwise.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE



I-D Him Lubricating Cream
(Westridge Laboratories, Inc.)

Overall rating: ★★

Thickness: ★★

Slickness: ★★

Endurance: ★★

Scent: Unscented, practically odorless

Base ingredient: Mineral oil

Price: \$11 average, 5.5-ounce jar

This cream has a pleasing silky texture, and in most respects it's very nice. But you might find yourself going through a lot of it over time. It thins out fairly quickly, and in tests, we had to dip into the jar a second time in order to keep going. There was nothing to get upset about with this product, but nothing to thrill us, either. I-D is a well-established brand, with many water-based lubes also on the market. If you're an I-D brand loyalist, you might be really happy with Him. It's also available in "leather" scent, if that turns you on.



Max Satisfaction Rub One Out Masturbation Cream (Max 4 Men)

Overall rating: ★

Thickness: ★★★★★

Slickness: ★

Endurance: ★★

Scent: Labeled unscented, but has a prominent odor

Base ingredient: Soybean oil

Price: \$10 average, 4-ounce tube

This cream has a texture that's more like paste. To get a stroke going, one needs a big glob of the stuff, which coats one's dick with a white film, like primer on new lumber. It might work fine for guys who prefer a firm grip and more friction. But it also has a strange, slightly nauseating odor. It supposedly contains a "pheromone sex attractant" (Sex Panther, anyone?), which could account for the scent. We regrettably must conclude that the company got this product all wrong. Nevertheless, they make some other nifty things—such as a Stimulating Male Sex Prostate Gel, which tingles when you put it up your butt—that are worth checking out.



Swiss Navy Premium Masturbation Cream (MD Science Lab)

Overall rating: ★★½

Thickness: ★★★★★


Slickness: ★★

Endurance: ★

Scent: Unscented, subtle lotionlike odor

Base ingredient: Coconut oil

Price: \$15 average, 5-ounce tube

Swiss navy. Get it? Switzerland is a landlocked country. So ... Swiss sailors have nothing to do but jerk off all day? Or work on perfecting their lube recipes? If that's the story, then they need to keep at it. This cream, like Stroke 29, started out sluggish and changed as it warmed up. It took about 30 seconds for this to happen. Once it did, it felt pretty great—but only briefly. It started wearing thin a bit too soon, requiring another squeeze of the tube around the three-minute mark. 

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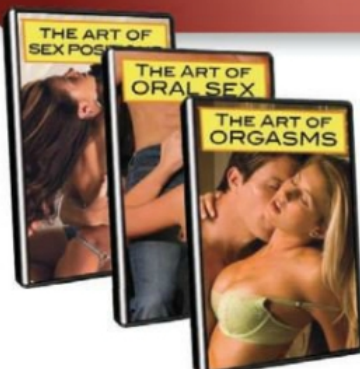
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A MOVING EXPERIENCE

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

When I decided to move across town, I intended to save money by moving everything myself. That meant a visit to my local rent-a-truck place, where I met Diane.

What can I do for you today?

I need a midsize van.

I'm sure we can help you.

king

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It was really hard to concentrate with this curvaceous beauty on the other side of the counter, but we continued to talk even after I'd filled out all of the paperwork.

I finally left when another customer came in, but I got the impression she was as interested in me as I was in her.

Good luck!

Thanks, Diane.

JASON
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A week later, I returned the truck just before closing time, hoping I'd see Diane again and could ask her out.



I'm glad you're still here.

I was waiting for you. I have a great idea.



She quickly wrapped up the paperwork.



I have this fantasy of being tied up and royally fucked. Weird, huh?

Well ... it's different

I could hardly believe my luck when she grabbed some rope and closed up shop. She led me out to the van I'd just parked.

Before I knew it, Diane was naked, and handing me the rope.



Tie me up against the wall and then do really nasty things to me.



I had every intention of fulfilling her fantasy.

Touch me,
tease me.
Oh, yeah,
like that.

That's it,
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Photographs by Phil Weber

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"I do fashion shoots as well, but my favorite is shooting nudes. I love that I can be sexy and creative, especially with my wardrobe and poses."






"My day job is on a trading desk. I work mostly with men, and I love that there's a lot of testosterone in the air, and lots of goofing around."







"I would have sex with a stranger
if he caught my interest.
I honestly think sex is a great way
to get to know someone."

SEE MORE OF VIVIAN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

One Last Fling

Beth was a five-foot-nine beauty with an ample 36-24-36 figure. As soon as our eyes met, I knew she wanted me as much as I wanted her. We were sitting across from each other in a booth, sipping cold beer, when I felt her foot travel slowly up my leg, until she found the growing bulge in my pants. She was very deliberate, and succeeded in getting a substantial rise out of me. Then she told me she was getting married in a few months and wanted to have some fun before she took herself off the market. I knew it was time to get what we *both* wanted: a good, hard fuck.

Before long we were in her apartment, tearing off each other's clothing. Beth's nipples were hard as rocks, and each time I kissed or licked them she moaned deeply. When I caressed her firm stomach and waist with light brushes of my fingers, her moans became deeper and louder. We were teasing each other with long, wet kisses, and Beth began to grind her dripping cunt against my leg and to stroke my throbbing cock. Then she stopped and pulled a very large ottoman away from the couch. She motioned for me to sit down, disappeared for a moment, and returned with a bottle of coconut oil and a towel.

Beth straddled me and spread the oil over her tits, stomach, and clean-shaven pussy. Then she fingered her dripping cunt with deep, probing thrusts that caused her to convulse with each lustful, vigorous plunge. I was totally captivated, watching her please herself. I could hardly wait to do my own wanton probing.

After bringing herself to a powerful orgasm, Beth knelt between my legs and proceeded to give me the best head I'd ever had. Her tongue had a mind of its own, working my fat, seven-inch cock for all it was worth. Sensing I was about to come, she stroked the entire length of my dick while the other hand gently squeezed my aching balls and kept me from coming.

Once Beth knew I was back in control and ready for more action, she poured coconut oil on my rock-hard dick. Then, straddling me, she lowered herself, burying me deep within her supersnug pussy. She paused briefly, then began slowly raising and lowering herself onto my aching shaft, pausing each time to give my



cockhead a firm squeeze with her well-trained cunt muscles. It felt as if she were milking me, and I shuddered in anticipation of shooting a hot and heavy load of come deep inside her. As I watched this gorgeous creature slide up and down on my straining cock while reaching behind her to tug on my balls, I was in ecstasy and just about ready to shoot my load. But she still hadn't finished with me.

Beth turned around and bent forward as she continued to ride me. Each time she pulled away, I could see her face between her spread legs and huge breasts. I became even more turned on as I watched that beautiful ass move up and down while her oily pussy devoured my pulsing prick. This woman was the answer to all my wet

dreams. She seemed to know exactly what I wanted and when to do it. After pumping me for God knows how long, Beth turned around again and rode me like a bucking bronco. When I came, her cunt pulsated hard around my spewing cock and she pushed my face between her coconut-oiled breasts.

We fucked and sucked each other into orgasmic heaven for the next three weeks, and eventually parted as friends, after a final weekend of pleasing each other in as many different ways as our imaginations could conjure up. Now and then I think back on the three wonderful weeks we had together, and I thank God for last flings.—P.C., South Carolina

It felt as if she were milking me, and I shuddered in anticipation of shooting a hot and heavy load deep inside her.

Marking Time

One afternoon, while doing some gardening in the backyard, I noticed a small opening in the redwood fence. When I looked through it, I could see my neighbors' 21-year-old nephew sunbathing on a lounge chair. I hadn't



seen Mark in some time, and I was surprised to find that he'd grown into quite a hunk.

The view, already pleasing, became breathtaking when he unzipped his cutoffs and pulled out the longest, thickest cock I'd ever seen. I felt a wave of heat rush to my pussy as he stroked his immense tool. While I was ashamed to be watching, I couldn't stop myself. I was amazed that it took nearly 15 minutes before he climaxed, spurting an impressive load of cream onto his broad chest.

I hurried into the house, stripping off my clothes on the way to the shower. I thought I'd be able to cool off, but nonstop visions of Mark jerking off his big cock only made me hotter. I grabbed my vibrator and fucked myself vigorously while nasty thoughts of Mark filled my mind, and when I came, I screamed out his name.

Later that evening, I heard a knock at my door. I answered it and was delighted to see Mark. I invited him in and offered him a beer. As we sat on the sofa and talked, the excitement I'd

felt earlier began surging through me again. When I finally confessed that I'd caught him in the act, he smiled and asked if I'd enjoyed watching him. When I said that it had been hotter than watching a porno, he offered to give me a personal show. I eagerly accepted.

My heartbeat quickened when Mark took off his clothes and I saw his beautiful, muscular body up close. But it was that gorgeous dick of his that captivated me. We sat together on the sofa, and I watched him slowly move his hand up and down the full length of his shaft. "Oh, you have a beautiful cock, Mark!" I said. The heat building inside me was becoming unbearable.

"Just think how good it would feel inside you."

I tore off my clothes and straddled him, lowering my hips to his waiting rod. I let out a cry of pleasure when his huge cockhead entered my love hole. Just the feeling of that fat dick pushing inside me triggered a major orgasm. I screamed as I felt the cunt juice squirt out of me and onto his shaft.

I took Mark deep inside me and fucked him like a woman possessed. His hands gripped my ass tightly as I plunged up and down on his massive joystick. I couldn't remember ever feeling so fulfilled. I screamed out my happiness as I reached two more glorious orgasms.

After laying me down on the sofa, Mark sucked me off to yet another orgasm. Then, turning me over, he buried his cock in my dripping pussy from behind, fucking me as hard as I'd ever been fucked. One orgasm after another rolled through me. Finally, driving his cock deep inside me, he filled my cunt with the biggest and hottest load of come I had ever felt.

Following a five-minute rest, I took Mark into the bedroom and we got into a sixty-nine. After sucking his cock back to its full hardness, I mounted him again and fucked him for all I was worth. He filled my pussy again and again, until we both collapsed, exhausted.

I couldn't wait to get home from work each day to have Mark inside me. We spent every night together until he had to leave for school. Mark is planning on coming back with a buddy of his over winter break, and while I'm waiting, I'm preparing to get double-teamed by fucking myself every night with my vibrator and a fat butt plug.—V.K., Michigan

Fantasy Fulfillment

Janey is my best friend's wife and I've known her for years, but she's also someone I fantasize about—a lot. After my divorce, she was someone I could talk to, and one day, when I'd had one too many beers, I confessed to her that I would love to fuck her. She laughed it off and said I was sexually frustrated, and I figured our friendship was safe.

The next weekend, her husband and I were supposed to meet some guys at a sports bar and watch the day's football games. When I parked, Matt was still out in the parking lot. He said Janey had told him what I'd said. I thought he was going to kick my ass, but then he started laughing. "You jackass," he said. "Why didn't you just tell me you were so desperate to get laid?"

"She's your wife! You expect me to tell you I want to fuck her?"

"And it's better that you went behind my back and told *her*?"

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I pulled down her pants and thong, and then nibbled on the butt that has always been a major part of my fantasies.

Oh, right, I'm a dick. Shit. I couldn't believe I'd screwed up a 15-year friendship. "Okay, take your best shot. I won't even fight back."

"You still don't get it, do you? I'm not mad at you. I want you to go to my house and screw the hell out of my wife. Then, when I get home in a couple of hours, we're going to fuck her together."

I stared at him in shock for a minute, till he continued, "Janey has always said you were hot. I never thought she'd ever go through with it, but she likes to talk about you as if we're going to have a threesome. Now that she knows you want her, she's ready."

It took a minute for that to sink in, and then I couldn't get back in the car fast enough. As I pulled away, I heard Matt call out, "Use a condom, jackass!

I will kick your ass if you knock her up."

I laughed nervously, then headed to their house. When I got there, Janey immediately walked into my arms and kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth. With a smoldering look, she turned and walked down the hallway. I followed. She was now topless, and her hands were at the top of her jeans, starting to undo the button. I couldn't stop myself. I went to her and kissed her again, letting my hands travel upward and cup her full breasts. I tried to pull down her pants, but she was too busy trying to get into mine. I couldn't believe what was about to happen.

She succeeded in getting into my pants and kneeled down to take me into her mouth. The sight and sensation of this gorgeous woman sucking my dick was almost too much to take. She looked up at me as she sucked and swirled her tongue around the head of my cock, quickly bringing me to the brink of ecstasy.

But I wasn't ready to come just yet, so I pulled her up from the floor. I turned her toward the wall and kissed my way down to the small of

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her back. I pulled down her pants and thong, and then nibbled on the butt that has always been a major part of my fantasies. Finally, I got down to business and gave her long licks from her clit to her butt hole. Wanting to taste every inch, I explored her with my tongue, pushing it in and out of her pussy. I had a good grip on her hips, because when she came, I didn't want to miss a single drop. Her body went rigid as she peaked, and she flooded my mouth with the sweetest nectar I'd ever tasted.

With her still braced against the wall, I stood up, put on a rubber, and entered her. I took my time, making her moan in pleasure, then I began giving her deep, hard thrusts. We found a rhythm and she pushed back against me, urging me to go faster. After a few minutes, she sensed my orgasm approaching. Looking at me over her shoulder, she said, "I want you to finish in my mouth."

She turned around, dropped to her knees, pulled off the condom, and sucked me into her mouth. Her deep-throating sped things up, and she swallowed every single drop. Then she smiled up at me and said, "Now let's go to bed. I have a few ideas for how we can entertain ourselves till Matt gets back."—*R.B., Washington*

■ Home Delivery

Last night, I went out for a drink with my friend Stephanie. I was trying to hold up my end of the conversation, but the new bartender was distracting me. He was tall and muscular, and had the best ass I'd seen in a long time. I just knew by the way he swaggered that he'd be a good fuck, and I couldn't wait to ride him. Steph knew me well enough to know exactly what was going through my dirty mind.

Just then, our buddy Alan walked in, sat down with us, and said hello to the bartender. "Your buddy is pretty hot," I told Alan. "Tell me about him."

"All you need to know is, Dave is easy," he said.

Alan called him over and said a few words to him. Within minutes, Dave was sitting next to me, and I was sizing him up at close range. Fortunately, his shift had just ended. After we all hung out for an hour or so, Dave asked me if I wanted another beer. When I said yes, he grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the bar. "All right, let's go. We'll pick it up on the way to your place."

We got to my apartment, six-pack in hand, and I was almost shaking with anticipation. Finally, I was going to see what was in those tight jeans.

I took the beer, put it on the table, and pulled Dave's head down so I could kiss him. As Dave moved his tongue along my lips, I grabbed his back and rolled my pelvis into his. He nuzzled the most sensitive spot on my neck as he pulled up my shirt and fondled my tits, leaving my hands free to move down to my wet and ready pussy. I was crying out with joy, and Dave was growling like a beast as he sucked on my nipples. I couldn't take anymore. I pushed him onto his back and opened his pants as fast as I could. Oh, dear God, his cock was long, thick, hard, and ready. I moved down on it with my mouth.

I sucked hard on the smooth tip. He was moaning, pushing his pelvis toward me to get me to take him all the way in. I could feel myself getting wetter, even though my panties were already soaked. I licked up and down and around his fat dick, clawing at his thighs. His cock stayed hard and eager.

Finally, he sat up and pushed me down. Within seconds, he'd stripped me of my clothes. I was like putty in his hands. He pushed my legs open and brought his mouth down to suck on my swollen clit. I cried out as he licked at me, but I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled him up and told him what I wanted. He gave me a hard look, then shoved his throbbing dick into me.

With all the ramming and slamming, screaming and growling, I doubt the neighbors got much sleep that night. We were body-knocking so hard that my clit was getting plenty of attention, the constant friction sending surges of pleasure through me. I held my legs back as he pounded me toward ecstasy, my pussy contracting around that thick cock of his. After I came, there was that incredible feeling of him still fucking me. It's nearly impossible to describe, but I just love it when I come first, so I can enjoy my release, and then his.

I was squeezing my nipples when Dave pulled out and came all over my chest and belly. I rubbed it in and enjoyed the cool feeling as the air hit my wet tits. Then we fucked three more times before he headed home. Hopefully, I haven't seen the last of his cock. Until then, I have my sore and swollen cunt as a sweet reminder.—*B.T., Virginia*



Fully Cocked

I'd just been through a nasty breakup with my boyfriend when my buddy Jay invited me to a party at his friend Regina's. He assured me that I'd never been to this kind of party before, but he knew I'd have a good time. Not wanting to spend another weekend home alone, I told him to swing by and pick me up.

When I first saw Regina I was stunned. She was gorgeous. She had long hair and green eyes, and looked athletic, with firm breasts barely concealed by her tank top. She was dancing seductively with a shirtless muscular guy when she saw me. She immediately came over to greet us, hugging and kissing Jay on the cheek. Jay introduced us and winked at me as she gave me a hug.

Regina took my hand and led me to the backyard, where several amazingly good-looking, naked men were hanging out in her pool. While I admired the scenery, Regina stood behind me, whispering that she had a few more girlfriends coming later, but at the moment, I could have any guy I wanted. Now fully aware of just what kind of party this was, I couldn't help but feel turned-on. I was wearing

a short, thin dress with no underwear and could feel the sudden wetness between my legs.

The music had been cranked up and the bass was pumping. Regina pulled me into the living room to dance, and of course the guys stood around and watched us. I felt a hot rush as she ran her hands over my body. When the song changed, the muscular guy Regina had been dancing with came over and asked if she wanted to go upstairs. Regina smiled and introduced me to Nick. Then she told me to grab a drink and meet them in the bathroom. I took a beer from the cooler and went upstairs, ready to be liberated.

In the bathroom, Regina was giving Nick a blowjob. He was leaning against the vanity, pants around his ankles, moaning in ecstasy. His huge cock was disappearing into her mouth at a rapid pace, but when they noticed me, she stopped.

"Isn't he magnificent?" she cooed.

Nick was watching me expectantly. I put down my beer, dropped to my knees next to Regina, and took over sucking his cock. Then Regina stripped off her panties and stood with her back to him. Nick took aim and quickly entered her. She moaned and moved with him. I had my hand between my legs as I watched them, wishing I was in Regina's place. I was about to go back downstairs to find a dick of my own when Regina told me to sit on the sink, directly in front of her. I sat, rubbing my aching nipples, as Regina bent forward and dove into my muff while Nick continued to ream her from behind. Each time he thrust

I felt the head of a cock push gently into my rear entrance. I was so horny that I pushed back until I felt him go in all the way.

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into her, she drove her satiny tongue into my hole. When I came, I set off a chain reaction, so we were all riding the same wave.

"Ready for more?" she challenged.

"I'm ready when you are," I said.

Feeling a new surge of sexual need rising within me, I led the way back downstairs. I'd never done anything like this before, but something about Regina's ultra-confidence and the power she seemed to wield brought out the hedonist in me.

The rest of the guys were waiting when we came back down. Some were naked and stroking themselves, and the sight only made me hotter. Suddenly, I felt strong arms scoop me up and carry me toward an ottoman. I wasn't surprised that it was Nick. He put me down and several other guys approached us, rolling condoms onto their erections. A few others were heading over toward Regina. I couldn't believe what I was about to do, but I'd always wanted to take on more than one guy at a time. I pushed Nick back onto the ottoman and quickly mounted him. He was big and he filled me completely. Then I felt someone lubing my asshole, readying me for a second dick. I moaned as I

felt first one, then two fingers work themselves into my tight hole.

When I was ready, I felt the head of a cock push gently into my rear entrance. I was so horny that I pushed back until I felt him go all the way in. I'd never experienced such extreme pleasure in my life. I relaxed and savored the feel of these stiff rods rhythmically moving in and out. Just when I thought I couldn't take any more, Jay came up for me to take him in my mouth. Having three hard cocks fulfilling my every need pushed me over the edge. I thought I would never stop coming. One by one the guys came, driving me to multiorgasmic bliss.

Regina was on the pool table getting the same workout. As soon as one guy finished, another took his place. A few of Regina's girlfriends arrived later, but by that time, I'd had my fill. Feeling tired and content, I poured myself a drink and relaxed outside by the pool. I looked around for Jay, but he was busy with one of Regina's girlfriends. When we were ready to go, Regina pulled me aside and, after a sizzling kiss, made me promise I'd come back. I haven't missed a party of hers since. —T.N., *Missouri*

Nick was watching me expectantly. I put down my beer, dropped to my knees next to Regina, and took over sucking his cock.



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Deadpan Sexy

We've had a thing for Aubrey Plaza since we first saw her on *Parks and Recreation*. This summer she'll be playing dirty, which just adds fuel to the fire of our crush.

Maybe Aubrey Plaza's world-weary attitude is a little too easy to relate to. Maybe her jaded persona makes her the ultimate challenge. Or maybe she's just a lethal mix of hot and hilarious. Whatever the reason for her appeal, it's only enhanced by her upcoming movie, *The To Do List*. Plaza plays an overachieving high school grad who resolves to fulfill a sexual bucket list before heading off to college. How could we not love a girl whose summer-vacation plans include "rim job." In celebration, we collected six fun factoids about our new favorite snark queen.

1. SHE WANTED TO BE ON SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE.

The show was Plaza's inspiration for becoming an actor—she even joined the Upright Citizens Brigade improv troupe, a well-known breeding ground for *SNL*'s Studio 8H. (Alumni include Bill Hader, Fred Armisen, Horatio Sanz, and founding member Amy Poehler.) Plaza worked as an NBC page and design intern, but never actually made it onto the show. Of course, now she works with *SNL* royalty every week on *Parks and Rec*: "Amy is kind of like my hero," Plaza has said. "Getting to work with her is a dream come true. If I knew that I'd be doing this one day when I was in high school, it would've blown my mind."

2. SHE'S NO STRANGER TO SHITTY JOBS.

As a struggling actress, Plaza worked as a hostess at Joe's Crab Shack and an intern at Post-Its, where she once wallpapered an entire bathroom in Post-It notes. "That was one of the worst things I've ever had to do," she said.

3. SHE'S JOB-INTERVIEW GOLD.

While living in Queens and scraping by with aforementioned shitty jobs, Plaza flew to Los Angeles for three meetings: an audition for the role of megabitch Julie Powers in *Scott Pilgrim Vs. the World*; a read with Seth Rogen for *Funny People*; and a meeting with producer Michael Schur, who was developing *Parks and Rec*. A quick peek at her IMDB listing will tell you that she got all three gigs. What's her secret? According to Schur, "Aubrey came over to my office and made me feel really uncomfortable for like an hour, and immediately I wanted to put her in the show."


4. SHE HAS NO CAPACITY FOR SELF-PITY.

In 2004, Plaza suffered a stroke during an improv class at New York's Tisch School of the Arts—her classmates assumed she was just doing a weird bit—and lost her ability to speak for two days. But don't hold your breath waiting for a tear-filled Barbara Walters interview. Plaza's recap of the health scare is characteristically undramatic: "It really was a freak thing. It happened, and now it's over."

5. DELAWARE MADE HER FUNNY.

Plaza was born and raised in the tiny state that has produced Hollywood legends Judge Reinhold, Elisabeth Shue, and ... well ... that's about it. "There wasn't a ton to do there, but it definitely made me more creative because I had to kind of find my own thing to do, which is why I started making weird, funny videos," Plaza has said.

6. SHE DOES A SPOT-ON SARAH SILVERMAN IMPRESSION.

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